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SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

BIOGRAPHY—	
Medwin's Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.....	162
Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry.....	163
HISTORY—	
Lamartine's History of the Girondists.....	164
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—	
Bennett's Narrative of a Recent Journey in Ireland.....	165
Settlers and Convicts.....	166
EDUCATION—	
James's Elements of Grammar.....	168
Peter Parley's Tales about Animals.....	168
PERIODICALS, &c.—	
The Gentleman's Magazine.....	168
Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.....	169
Dolman's Magazine.....	169
Simmonds's Colonial Magazine.....	169
Sharpe's London Magazine.....	169
The Eclectic Review.....	169
Mores Catholici.....	169
The Literary World.....	169
MISCELLANEOUS—	
Hall's Highland Sports.....	171
Fairholst's Home of Shakespeare.....	171
Maxwell's Hill Side and Border Sketches.....	171
The Sponsor's Offering.....	172
JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE—	
Burnet's Notes on the Early Settlement of the North-western Territory.....	172
Art—Mr. Shepherd's Pencil Drawings.....	173
Talk of the Studios.....	174
DRAMA, &c.	174
NECROLOGY—	
Nicholas Carlisle, esq.	174
HEIRS-AT-LAW, NEXT OF KIN, &c.	174
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—	
Gossip of the Literary World.....	174
List of New Books.....	175
ADVERTISEMENTS.	

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By THOS. MEDWIN. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1847.

T. C. Newby.

The admirers of SHELLEY—numerous among the young—will receive with pleasure, and read with eagerness, this book. Yet it adds little to the store of facts concerning SHELLEY which had previously been collected, and that little is of insignificant value. The writer is the "Captain MEDWIN" whose *Conversations with Lord Byron*, published some years ago, for awhile afforded material for the dissecting-knife of the critic, and debateable topics for the entertainment of the literary world. To us, we confess, the only interesting part of these memoirs is that devoted to the boyish days of SHELLEY, of which fewer particulars have been gathered than of his maturer age. If the Captain is to be trusted—for he has palpably a tendency to exaggerate and over-colour facts as well as qualities—the life of SHELLEY adds another proof, if, indeed, further testimony were wanting, that

"The boy is still the father to the man."

Captain MEDWIN undoubtedly enjoyed the advantage of close opportunity of observing the poet during several years, and, were he capable of it, of forming a just estimate of his powers and character. They were first schoolfellows; then, separated by the circumstances of opening manhood, corresponded frequently and unreverently; and, lastly, during the closing years of the poet's brief life, they were inseparable companions. But with these obvious advantages, Captain MEDWIN was not the man to undertake a "life" of SHELLEY. Whatever he may think of his fitness for the duty, there are, we think, few persons who, having read these volumes, will not agree that Captain MEDWIN is deficient in the cardinal qualities required in a biographer. He has neither capacity to comprehend the aesthetics of character, or the judgment to compensate for this deficiency by the simple relation of facts as they occurred, and sentiments as they were uttered, from which had he so done the mental physiognomy of the poet might, with tolerable accuracy, be made out. Every thing is heightened with colour; interest of the extravagant kind is what is for ever strained after,—in short, he has given us a *book*, not a *biography*.

Among the passages to which the above remarks least apply are the following. Contrary to the usual custom of critics, which is, to select such extracts as best illustrate their sanction or censure, we adopt these because they convey to us the newest information, inasmuch as they describe the school-days of SHELLEY, of which hitherto little has been known. The following is Captain MEDWIN's description of his first introduction to SHELLEY.

We were about sixty schoolfellows. I well remember the day when he was added to the number. A new arrival is always a great excitement to the other boys, who pounce upon a fresh man with the boldness of birds of prey. We all had to pass through this ordeal, and the remembrance of it gave my companions a zest for torture. All tormented him with questionings. There was no

end to their mockery, when they found that he was ignorant of pegtop or marbles, or leap-frog, or hopscotch, much more of fives and cricket. One wanted him to spar, another to run a race with him. He was a tyro in both these accomplishments, and the only welcome of the neophyte was general shout of derision. To all these impertinences he made no reply, but with a look of disdain written in his countenance, turned his back on his new associates, and when he was alone found relief in tears.

The personal appearance of SHELLEY at that time is minutely, and we have no doubt accurately, told.

Shelley was at this time tall for his age, slightly and delicately built, and rather narrow chested, with a complexion fair and ruddy, a face rather long than oval. His features, not regularly handsome, were set off by a profusion of silky brown hair, that curled naturally. The expression of countenance was one of exceeding sweetness and innocence. His blue eyes were very large and prominent, considered by phrenologists to indicate a great aptitude for verbal memory. They were at times, when he was abstracted, as he often was in contemplation, dull, and, as it were, insensible to external objects; at others, they flashed with the fire of intelligence. His voice was soft and low, but broken in its tones—when any thing much interested him, harsh and immodulated; and this peculiarity he never lost. As is recorded of Thomson, he was naturally calm, but when he heard or read of some flagrant act of injustice, oppression, or cruelty, then indeed the sharpest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

Even in simple narrative Captain MEDWIN cannot be unaffected. How glaringly there peeps out from the following brief passage the intention to elevate himself by a parade of the "condescending" friendship he extended to the youthful poet, and the "grateful" feelings of the latter for the kindness.

He passed among his schoolfellows as a strange and unsocial being; for when a holiday relieved us from our tasks, and the other boys were engaged in such sports as the narrow limits of our prison-court allowed, Shelley, who entered into none of them, would pace backwards and forwards—I think I see him now—along the southern wall, indulging in various vague and undefined ideas, the chaotic elements, if I may say so, of what afterwards produced so beautiful a world. I very early learned to penetrate into this soul sublime—why may I not say divine, for what is there that comes nearer to God than genius in the heart of a child? I, too, was the only one at the school with whom he could communicate his sufferings, or exchange ideas. I was, indeed, some years his senior, and he was grateful to me for so often singling him out for a companion; for it is well known that it is considered in some degree a condescension for boys to make intimates of those in a lower form than themselves. Then we used to walk together up and down his favourite spot, and there he would outpour his sorrows to me, with observations far beyond his years, and which, according to his after ideas, seemed to have sprung from an antenatal life. I have often thought that he had these walks of ours in mind when, in describing an antique group, he says, "Look, the figures are walking with a sauntering and idle pace, and talking to each other as they walk, as you may have seen a younger and an elder boy at school, walking in some grassy spot of the play-ground, with that tender friendship for each other which the age inspires." If Shelley abominated one task more than another, it was a dancing lesson. At a ball at Willis's Rooms, where, among other pupils of Sala, I made one, an aunt of mine, to whom the letter No 1, in the Appendix, was addressed, asked the dancing-master why Bysshe was not present; to which he replied in his broken English, "Mon Dieu, madame! what should he do here? Master Shelley will not learn any thing—he is so *gauche*." In fact, he contrived to abscond as often as possible from the dancing

lessons, and, when forced to attend, suffered inex-pressibly.

It is a pity that Captain MEDWIN, with the opportunities which, no doubt, he enjoyed, was not a matter-of-fact, rather than an extravagant writer. We should then indeed have had little poetry and romance, but have received what is better in a biography—simple, sterling, unadorned truth. Not that we charge the Captain with willful fabrication—by no means; but he exaggerates every thing he says to such a degree as to destroy confidence, and frustrate the very purpose at which he aims. We give place to a few more passages describing

THE SCHOOL-DAYS OF SHELLEY.

Half-year after half-year passed away, and, in spite of his seeming neglect of his tasks, he soon surpassed all his competitors, for his memory was so tenacious that he never forgot a word once turned up in his dictionary. He was very fond of reading, and greedily devoured all the books which were brought to school after the holidays; these were mostly blue books. Who does not know what blue books mean? But if there should be any one ignorant enough not to know what those dear darling volumes, so designated from their covers, contain, be it known that they are or were to be bought for sixpence, and embodied stories of haunted castles, bandits, murderers, and other grim personages—a most exciting and interesting sort of food for boy's minds. Among those of a larger calibre was one which I have never seen since, but which I still remember with a *recouche* delight. It was *Peter Wilkins*. How much Shelley wished for a winged wife and little winged cherubs of children! But this stock was very soon exhausted. As there was no school library, we soon resorted, "under the rose," to a low circulating one in the town (Brentford), and here the treasures at first seemed inexhaustible. Novels at this time (I speak of 1803), in three goodly volumes, such as we owe to the Great Wizard of the North, were unknown. Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett formed the staple of the collection. But these authors were little to Shelley's taste. Ann Ratcliffe's works pleased him most, particularly *The Italian*; but the Rosa-Matilda school, especially a strange, wild romance, entitled *Zofloya: or, the Moor*, a Monk-Lewis production, where his Satanic Majesty, as in *Faust*, plays the chief part, enraptured him. The two novels he afterwards wrote, entitled *Zastrozzi*, and the *Rosicrucian*, were modelled after this ghastly production, all of which I now remember is, that the principal character is an incarnation of the devil, but who, unlike the Monk (then a prohibited book, but afterwards an especial favourite with Shelley), instead of tempting a man and turning him into a likeness of himself, enters into a woman called Olympia, who poisons her husband homoeopathically, and ends by being carried off very melodramatically in blue flames to the place of dolor.

After supping on the horrors of the Minerva press, he was subject to strange, and sometimes frightful dreams, and was haunted by apparitions that bore all the semblance of reality. We did not sleep in the same dormitory, but I shall never forget one moonlight night seeing Shelley walk into my room. He was in a state of somnambulism. His eyes were open, and he advanced with slow steps to the window, which, it being the height of summer, was open. I got out of bed, seized him with my arm, and waked him. I was not then aware of the danger of suddenly rousing the sleep-walker. He was excessively agitated, and after leading him back with some difficulty to his couch, I sat by him for some time, a witness to the severe erethism of his nerves which the sudden shock produced.

This was the only occasion, however, to my knowledge, that a similar event occurred at school, but I remember that he was severely punished for this involuntary transgression. If, however, he ceased at that time to somnambulise, he was given to waking dreams,—a sort of lethargy and abstraction that became habitual to him, and after the

access was over, his eyes flashed, his lips quivered, his voice was tremulous with emotion, a sort of ecstasy came over him, and he talked more like a spirit or an angel than a human being.

Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journals and Letters. Edited by Two of her Daughters. In 2 vols. Vol. I. London, 1847. Gilpin, and Hatchard and Son.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

THE removal of the female convicts for transportation, awakened, as may well be imagined, a deep interest in the feelings of Mrs. FRY and the other ladies of the Association. It was matter of the most earnest concern to these benevolent women that the advantages they had been the means of conferring upon the poor creatures should not be forfeited by the tedium and idleness of the long confinement on shipboard consequent upon a voyage to New South Wales. They spared no pains in making the best arrangements the nature of the case would permit. A system of superintendence was instituted, a small space in the vessel was set apart for the instruction of the children, whom one of the convicts undertook to teach. Great difficulties were encountered in procuring employment for the women; but this was at last obtained. Patchwork and knitting was selected as the most suitable kinds of work. Materials for the former were obtained quickly from the different houses in London and Manchester. The expense of 72*l.* 10*s.* was incurred in procuring clothing and working materials. The making of these arrangements required great personal exertion on the part of the ladies, and a great sacrifice of time. Some of them visited the ship daily during the five weeks it lay in the river. The following is an interesting and characteristic account of Mrs. Fry's farewell visit to the convict-ship:—

The last time that Mrs. Fry was on board the *Maria*, whilst she lay at Deptford, was one of those solemn and interesting occasions that leave a lasting impression on the minds of those who witness them. There was great uncertainty whether the poor convicts would see their benefactress again. She stood at the door of the cabin, attended by her friends and the captain; the women on the quarter-deck, facing them. The sailors, anxious to see what was going on, clambered into the rigging, on to the capstan, or mingled in the outskirts of the group. The silence was profound—when Mrs. Fry opened her Bible, and in a clear audible voice, read portion from it. The crews of the other vessels in the river, attracted by the novelty of the scene, leant over the ships on either side and listened apparently with great attention. She closed the Bible, and after a short pause, knelt down on the deck, and implored a blessing on this work of Christian charity from that God who, though one may sow and another water, can alone give the increase. Many of the women wept bitterly,—all seemed touched. When she left the ship they followed her with their eyes and their blessings, until her boat having passed within another tier of vessels, they could see her no more.

In the August of 1818, Mrs. FRY, in company with her brother, Mr. JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, his wife, and one of her own daughters, left home for the purpose of visiting Scotland and the north of England. The principal object of this expedition was, it seems, connected with Quaker concerns; but Mrs. FRY and her brother did not omit the opportunity afforded of forwarding their philanthropic views by visiting the gaols in the northern division of the kingdom. It is much to the credit of the magistrates and the public authorities in the towns and districts which they visited, that their views everywhere met

with the respect to which upon every account they were so well entitled. These gentlemen were abundantly aware of the pernicious effects of the old system, and eager to embrace the means of amendment. For this, there seems to have been ample room. According to Mr. J. J. GURNEY, the state of the public gaols in Scotland must have been about the worst imaginable. Many interesting though shocking details are here transcribed from a work of his upon this subject, which, had our limits permitted, we should have liked to extract. The treatment of debtors, and the miserable condition of the lunatics confined in these execrable abodes, seems in particular to have aroused the compassion of the humane travellers. The melancholy and forlorn state of one of the latter, confined in what Mr. GURNEY justly styles "an abominable dungeon," in the county gaol of Haddington, is said to have made an impression upon Mrs. FRY which she retained almost to the end of her life. The treatment of the insane was an object which pressed much upon her consideration. Her goodness of heart and the unwavering faith she appears ever to have maintained in the omnipotence of love, taught her intuitively what the researches of science and successful practice have since so clearly proved, that the law of kindness is here, as elsewhere, the most effectual remedy—gentle measures the most powerful to subdue this fearful malady.

After taking her boys to school, in the beginning of the year 1819, Mrs. FRY was seized with an attack of illness, which for some months appears to have caused her great suffering. In the hope of benefiting her, a little journey was undertaken into the counties of Sussex and Kent, which appears to have had the desired effect, though her complete restoration was not effected till her return to Plashet, about Midsummer, after having spent the earlier part of the season in London. In Spring, whilst Mrs. FRY was at Brighton, she received two letters from Newgate—one from the females in general, and another from some among them who had been making a disturbance in prison. These letters are interesting proofs of the hold she had obtained upon the affections of the prisoners, and their sense of the value of the blessings she had been the means of conferring upon them.

The following charming letter, written by Mrs. FRY to one of her sons on his return to school in the autumn of this year, is strongly indicative of the nature of her maternal affection and solicitude, and of the strength and simplicity of her noble and tender mind:—

To William Storrs Fry.

Plashet, Seventh Day, Morning,
Eighth Month, 1819.

My dearest William,—I anxiously hope thou art returned with fresh diligence to all thy employments. Pray try to be a learned man. I trust the modern languages will not be neglected by thee; they are so important in the present day, when we have so much intercourse with the Continent. My darling William, how anxiously do I desire your all being happy. I do not think I have language to express my desires for your good and comfort in every way. Be encouraged, my dear boy, in everything to do right. Remember what is said, "He that cometh to serve the Lord must prepare his soul for temptation." Temptations we must expect to meet with, and many of them; but the sin is not in being tempted, but in yielding to the temptation. I am sorry about your fruit, but have had two cakes made for you instead. Pray, my dearest William, write to me very often, for I feel such a most tender and near interest in you all.

Thy most affectionate and loving mother,

E. FRY.

The following winter was spent by Mrs.

FRY amidst the arduous exertions now consequent upon her residence in London. About this time her attention was much and painfully occupied concerning the situation of the convicts upon their arrival in New South Wales. From many sources—in particular from a letter addressed to her by the chaplain of that colony—she found that all her toil, all the labour and expense incurred in the improvement of the prisoners, was absolutely thrown away, such were the circumstances in which they were placed on their arrival in the penal settlement. It was an awful consideration to the mind of Mrs. FRY, as it must indeed have been to that of any one not absolutely devoid of humanity and just principle, that these most unfortunate women could only maintain life at the expense of virtue. The details furnished by the reverend gentleman are truly horrible, and we are given to understand that the worst are omitted. It is terrible to think of the dark forms of evil which have lurked under the shadows of the best governments. May the brightening light fast chase them away for ever!

We trust that ere long there will be no circumstances making the commission of crime a necessity. In the year 1820 Mrs. FRY undertook a tour of the principal towns of the kingdom, for the purpose of extending the influence of her system of prison discipline, and collecting as much information as possible upon the subject of prisons. Many societies similar to the Newgate Association were organised by her, and altogether this journey appears to have been productive of important benefits.

But the influence of Mrs. FRY's example, and admiration of her character, spread not only at home but abroad. During this year a correspondence was opened with St. Petersburg, through the medium of the late WALTER VENNING, Esq. who there devoted himself to the same work so ably carried on by Mrs. FRY. It seems that the Princess SOPHIA MUNCHERSKY and other ladies had there formed themselves into a committee with the same views, and finding the same happy issue as the Newgate Association. An interesting letter on the subject of this correspondence has been furnished by the brother of the late Mr. VENNING. Communication was also opened with Turin and Amsterdam, where similar labours were in progress. In the spring of the year 1821, the feelings of Mrs. FRY, in common with those of the nation in general, were again agitated on the subject of capital punishment. The defeat of Sir JAMES MACINTOSH's motion for the mitigation of the criminal code was by so small a majority as to prove the happy change the opinion of the public had undergone, and to afford the best earnest of a speedy relief from the galling evil. Mrs. FRY's anticipations, which were of the brightest, have justified the event. Though public affairs seem to have afforded her matter for satisfaction, the commencement of this year had been much darkened by private sorrow—the death of a younger sister, PRISCILLA GURNEY, who appears to have been a model of all that is lovely in woman. She died of a prolonged consumption. Her suffering was great, but her death was like her life—full of a calm beauty. Though much younger than Mrs. FRY, a peculiar bond of union subsisted between these sisters, inasmuch as PRISCILLA, like ELIZABETH, was a minister of the Society of Friends.

The next two years of Mrs. FRY's life were marked by several domestic occurrences of an interesting nature, such as the marriage of one of her daughters, the birth of her youngest child and eldest grandchild on the same day, and the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. JOSEPH

JOHN GURNEY. Amid all these events, in sorrow as in joy, we find Mrs. FRY ever the same, holding steadily on in the same course, guided in all her actions by the same pure principles; ever nobly treading the path which approved itself to her own conscience, undeterred by the prejudices or sentiments of those whose good opinion she would have desired the most to preserve. We may imagine that to one situated as Mrs. FRY was, with respect to her office among the Quakers, the marriage of her daughter with a gentleman unconnected with that body must have been no small trial, particularly when we learn that "the rule of the discipline among the Quakers is to disunite from membership those who marry persons not members of the Society. It is very strictly enforced, and to promote such connexions is looked upon as an act of delinquency on the part of parents and guardians." But, though a very strict Quaker, Mrs. FRY's clear perception that the essence of true religion exists apart from all forms, and is yet compatible with many, elevated her above the prejudices of her sect. Her perfect singleness of mind made her clear-sighted to the goodness which existed in others. In her private journal we find many allusions to the state of her feelings upon this momentous occasion—none more characteristic than the following prayer:—

O Lord ! Thou knowest that I love Thee and Thy cause above all things. I desire to serve Thee, and if Thou art pleased to continue to make use of me, may I be kept clean and bright by Thy power, and fit for Thy service; and oh ! as Thou hast been pleased to enlarge the heart of Thy handmaid towards those who love and fear Thy name, of every denomination, and that she dared not prevent her child being united to one of these ; oh, sanctify Thyself this union, strengthen them by Thy might in the inner man, to do Thy will, whatever it may lead them into ; that their light may so shine before men, that they, seeing their good works, may glorify Thee, our Father, who art in Heaven. Amen and Amen.

Notwithstanding her many private cares, this period of Mrs. FRY's life seems to have been as much as ever occupied by those of a more public nature. The state of the convict-ships appears to have claimed much of her attention, and it would seem from many painful details, here given, not unnecessarily. Many wise and humane alterations were suggested by Mrs. FRY, several of which were ultimately adopted. The first advances were made under the superintendence of Admiral Sir THOMAS BYAM MARTIN, then comptroller of the navy, and much good was effected whilst he remained in office. He seems to have been desirous to co-operate, to the utmost of his power, with Mrs. FRY in her benevolent plans. There is also a letter from her to the Right Honourable R. WILMOT HORTON, explanatory of her views with regard to the management of the convicts on their arrival at the colonies. Her interest in these unhappy ones embraced their whole future destiny. She was never weary of well-doing. It is gratifying to learn, and much to the honour of those in power, that Mrs. FRY's communications almost invariably met with the consideration they so well deserved.

In the Spring of 1824, Mrs. FRY paid a religious visit to Worcester and Birmingham, according to her custom, using the opportunity to promote, as far as lay in her power, every benevolent measure. There is something which strikes us at once with surprise and admiration in Mrs. FRY's quick perception of any existing evil or want, and her prompt discernment and application of the means best adapted to remove it. She moved about, the very genius of good;—kindness, peace, and order

followed in her track. A society had been formed, under the name of "The British Ladies' Society for Promoting the Reformation of Female Prisoners," for the purpose of affording a central point of communication with various associations in different parts of the kingdom, and also for corresponding with persons on the Continent who were interested in matters of this nature. Some of the regulations made by this society received the sanction of the law,—such as: "The appointment of female officers; increased means afforded for religious instruction; and compulsory employment." The condition of discharged prisoners, and of the neglected and miserable little girls who abound in the streets of London, weighed much upon the consideration of the benevolent women who had formed themselves into a society, appearing to embrace in its benevolent care the relief of all the wretched among their sex. Asylums were instituted in various parts of the kingdom for the reception of the first; and for the second a school of discipline was opened at Chelsea. Both of these institutions continue to be the means of conferring important benefits; but our surprise is not so great as our regret to hear that they are totally inadequate to meet the wants of applicants. We are told that Mrs. FRY felt "that until every unhappy fallen one, without exception, had the opportunity afforded her of repentance and amendment of life, England, as a Christian country, had not fulfilled the injunction of our blessed Lord: 'As I have loved you, that ye also love one another.'" Can any Christian, indeed, take a different view? and is it not a matter which concerns us all individually? From the given moral condition of any class of society, we can always infer that of another,—as all classes are, in fact, types of each other. Surely we can all do something to hasten the progress of the great work,—to add to the true glory of our country. We have all something to give,—time, or money, or influence. Oh ! let us be aroused from our indolence by the example of the noble-minded woman whose career we have thus far attempted to sketch! The evil around us is not irremediable; it is already yielding to the influence of good,—the extent of that influence depends upon ourselves; the prospect opens brightly before us, let us not incur the responsibility of neglecting so great a work, so true a happiness ! Let us on for ever, with humanity and sympathy for our guides, and the end cannot fail to be joy and peace !

But we have been led away, though not far away, from our proper subject. This year and the succeeding one was marked in Mrs. FRY's life by much ill health, and various family events—some of a sad, others of a happy nature: amongst these the death of an aunt, and the marriage of her eldest son. Whilst at Brighton, for the benefit of her health, she was the means of establishing a district visiting society, for the purpose of inquiring into the necessities of the poor, and preventing the imposition so common among mendicants. The condition of the men on the preventive service also excited her sympathy. Amid all the cares necessarily entailed by severe and protracted illness, in every situation, Mrs. FRY was indefatigable in her efforts to promote the welfare of all within the sphere of her influence. We are informed that her attention was first drawn to the condition of the men on the coast-guard by seeing one solitary individual pacing the beach in storm as in calm, when she was carried to an open window, in the grey dawn, as was frequently necessary from fits and faintness to which she was subject, and which the open air was found to relieve. How few under such

circumstances would have seen any one but themselves ! Seconded by the concurrent views of the lieutenants in command at the neighbouring stations, Mrs. FRY procured from the Bible Society supply of books for the men. She had afterwards the satisfaction of finding that her efforts had been productive of benefit to the objects of her benevolence, who evinced their gratitude by writing to her and her friends a letter of thanks.

Part of the year 1824 was spent by Mrs. FRY at Dagenham, on the banks of the Thames. Repairs making at Plashet had induced the family to try this place as a temporary residence. The situation and surrounding scenery was such as Mrs. FRY liked. The quiet and repose of this rural retreat were also grateful to her feelings. We accordingly find her returning thither in the autumn of the succeeding year. Her health seems now to have been much improved. Towards the end of the year 1825, she undertook a religious journey into Devonshire and Cornwall, which appears to have afforded her much satisfaction. With the termination of this expedition concludes the first volume of this memoir. We close it with regret; recommending its contents to the consideration of every reader. The history of a life such as that of ELIZABETH FRY is replete with matter for the consideration of the most thoughtful and earnest minds, and is attended at once with the highest profit, and the greatest pleasure.

HISTORY.

History of the Girondists. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. London, 1847. H. G. Bohn.

(THIRD NOTICE.)

FROM amidst the contentions of the Constitutionalists and the Jacobins, and whilst the public mind was alternately inclining towards each extreme, there arose a party stronger than either, that achieved suddenly, and maintained firmly, the supremacy. The secret of their strength lay in *unity*—in their having few principles, but these clearly understood, tending to one purpose, and recognised as essentials by the entire party. Formed out of elements of the least congruous nature, the Girondists, holding one governing principle in common, found in that very diversity of characters a circumstance favourable to its views. It comprehended, too, the most brilliant, if not the most commanding talent which that forcing-bed of genius—the Revolution—produced. A glance at these may entertain; but first we give LAMARTINE's description of the Girondists, their principles, and the position they took in the Assembly.

THE GIRONDISTS.

This party, of which Brissot was the journalist, Pétion the popular member, Vergniaud the genius, the party of the Girondists the body, entered on the scene with the boldness and unity of a conspiracy. It was the *bourgeoisie* triumphant, envious, turbulent, eloquent, the aristocracy of talent, desiring to acquire and control by itself alone liberty, power, and the people. The assembly was made up of unequal portions of three elements: the Constitutionalists, who formed the aristocratic liberty and moderate monarchy party; the Girondists, the party of the movement, sustained until the Revolution fell into their hands; the Jacobins, the party of the people, and of philosophy in action: the first arrangement and transition, the second boldness and intrigue, the third fanaticism and devotion. Of these last two parties the Jacobin was not the most hostile to the king. The aristocracy and the clergy destroyed, that party had no repugnance to the throne; it possessed in a high degree the instinct of the unity of power; it

was not the Jacobins who first demanded war, and who first uttered the word *republic*, but it was the first who uttered and often repeated the word *dictatorship*. The word *republic* appertained to Brissot and the Girondists. If the Girondists, on their coming into the Assembly, had united with the Constitutional party in order to save the constitution by moderate measures, and the Revolution by not urging it into war, they would have saved their party and controlled the throne. The honesty in which their leader was deficient was also wanting in their conduct—they were all intrigue. They made themselves the agitators in an assembly of which they might have been the statesmen. They had not confidence in the republic, but feigned it. In revolutions sincere characters are the only skilful characters. It is glorious to die the victim of a faith; it is pitiful to die the dupe of one's ambition.

Next, let us give the masterly portrait drawn by LAMARTINE of the handsome and eloquent

VERGNAUD.

Vergniaud, born at Limoges, and an advocate at the bar of Bordeaux, was now in his thirty-third year, for the revolutionary movement had seized on and borne him along with its currents when very young. His dignified, calm, and unaffected features announced the conviction of his power. Facility, that agreeable concomitant of genius, had rendered alike pliable his talents, his character, and even the position he assumed. A certain *nonchalance* announced that he easily laid aside these faculties from the conviction of his ability to recover all his forces at the moment when he should require them. His brow was contemplative, his look composed, his mouth serious and somewhat sad; the deep inspiration of antiquity was mingled in his physiognomy with the smiles and the carelessness of youth. At the foot of the tribune he was loved with familiarity: as he ascended it, each man was surprised to find that he inspired him with admiration and respect; but at the first words that fell from the speaker's lips they felt the immense distance between the man and the orator. He was an instrument of enthusiasm, whose value and whose place was in his inspiration. This inspiration, heightened by the deep musical tones of his voice, and an extraordinary power of language, had drunk in deep draughts at the purest sources of antiquity; his sentences had all the images and harmony of poesy, and if he had not been the orator of a democracy, he would have been its philosopher and its poet. His genius, devoted to the people, yet forbade him to descend to the language of the people, even to flatter them. All his passions were noble as his words, and he adored the Revolution as a sublime philosophy destined to ennoble the nation without immolating on its altars other victims than prejudices and tyranny. He had doctrines, and no hatreds; the thirst of glory, and not of ambition,—nay, power itself was, in his eyes, too real, too vulgar a thing for him to aim at, and he disdained it for himself, and alone sought it for his ideas. Glory and posthumous fame were his objects alone; he mounted the tribune to behold them, and he beheld them later from the scaffold; and he plunged into the future, young, handsome, immortal in the annals of France, with all his enthusiasm, and some few stains, already effaced in his generous blood. Such was the man whom nature had given to the Girondists as their chief. He disdained the office, although he possessed all the qualities and the views, of a statesman; too careless to be the leader of a party, too great to be second to any one. Such was Vergniaud,—more illustrious than useful to his friends; he would not lead, but immortalised them.

We come now to the heroine of the Revolution,—the gifted, beautiful, and enthusiastic Madam ROLAND. She was the priestess of Liberty, herself consumed by the fire of the sacrifice. Her history is far too long, and in its interest too much dependent upon continuity, to permit of our tracing her eventful career from its opening to its close. We must be satisfied with just as much extract as will place before the reader a clear outline

of her person and character, referring all who desire to learn more of her—and who is there that will not?—to the book itself.

MADAME ROLAND.

Young, lovely, radiant with genius, recently married to a man of serious mind, who was touching on old age, and but recently mother of her first child, Madame Roland was born in that intermediary condition in which families scarcely emancipated from manual labour are, it may be said, amphibious between the labourer and the tradesman, and retain in their manners the virtues and simplicity of the people, whilst they already participate in the lights of society. The period in which aristocracies fall is that in which nations regenerate. The sap of the people is there. In this was born Jean Jacques Rousseau, the virile type of Madame Roland. A portrait of her when a child represents a young girl in her father's workshop, holding in one hand a book, and in the other an engraving tool. This picture is the symbolic definition of the social condition in which Madame Roland was born, and the precise moment between the labour of her hands and her mind. * * * A tall and supple figure, flat shoulders, a prominent bust, raised by a free and strong respiration, a modest and most becoming demeanour, that carriage of the neck which bespeaks intrepidity, black and soft hair, blue eyes, which appeared brown in the depth of their reflection, a look which like her soul passed rapidly from tenderness to energy, the nose of a Grecian statue, a rather large mouth, opened by a smile as well as speech, splendid teeth, a turned and well rounded chin, gave to the oval of her features that voluptuous and feminine grace without which even beauty does not elicit love, a skin marbled with the animation of life, and veined by blood which the least impression sent mounting to her cheeks, a tone of voice which borrowed its vibrations from the deepest fibres of her heart, and which was deeply modulated to its finest movements (a precious gift, for the tone of the voice, which is the channel of emotion in a woman, is the medium of persuasion in the orator, and by both these titles nature owed her the charm of voice, and had bestowed it on her freely). Such at eighteen years of age was the portrait of this young girl, whom obscurity long kept in the shade, as if to prepare for life or death a soul more strong, and a victim more perfect.

The character of her mind and the bent of her tastes are thus described. How beautiful is the confession to a first love which she here gives, and, it would seem, she did not then comprehend.

Her understanding lightened this beauteous frame-work with a precocious and flashing intelligence, which was already inspiration. She acquired, as it were, the most difficult accomplishments even from looking into their very elements. What is taught to her age and sex was not sufficient for her. The masculine education of men was a want and sport to her. Her powerful mind had need of all the means of thought for its due exercise. Theology, history, philosophy, music, painting, dancing, the exact sciences, chemistry, foreign tongues, and learned languages, she learned all and desired more. She herself formed her ideas from all the rays which the obscurity of her condition allowed to penetrate into the laboratory of her father. She even secreted the books which the young apprentices brought and forgot for her in the workshop. Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu, and the English philosophers, fell into her hands; but her real food was Plutarch. * * * In the midst of this fire in her soul her reason remained calm, and her purity spotless. She scarcely owns to the slightest and fugitive emotions of the heart and senses. "When, as I read behind the screen which closed up my chamber from my father's apartment," she writes, "my breathing was at all loud, I felt a burning blush overspread my cheek, and my altered voice would have betrayed my agitation. I was Eucharis to Telemachus, and Herminia to Tancred. Yet, transformed as I was into them, I never

thought myself of becoming any thing to anybody. I made no reflection that individually affected me; I sought nothing around me; it was a dream without awaking. Yet I remember having beheld with much agitation a young painter named Taboral, who called on my father occasionally. He was about twenty years of age, with a sweet voice, intelligent countenance, and blushed like a girl. When I heard him in the *atelier*, I had always a pencil or something to look after; but as his presence embarrassed as much as it pleased me, I went away quicker than I entered, with a palpitating heart, a tremor that made me run and hide myself in my little room." * * * As sensitive as Rousseau to the beauty of foliage, the rustling of the grass, the odour of the herbs, she admired the hand of God, and kissed it in his works. Overflowing with gratitude and inward delight, she went to adore him at church. There the sonorous organ's lengthened peal, uniting with the voices of the youthful nuns, completed the excess of her ecstasy. The Catholic religion has every mysterious fascination for the senses, and pleasure for the imagination. A novice took the veil during her residence in the convent. Her presentation at the entrance, her white veil, her crown of roses, the sweet and soothing hymns which directed her from earth to heaven, the mortuary cloth cast over her youthful and buried beauty, and over her palpitating heart, made the young artist shudder, and overwhelmed her with tears. Her destiny opened to her the image of great sacrifices, and she felt within herself by anticipation all the courage and the suffering.

All the genius of the Revolution surrounded, and admired, or feared, this wonderful woman. Her virtue was impregnable; but the heart which nothing but love or religion—on reflection we perceive these are indeed the same—can fill, was given to a man other than her husband. The marriage of form she respected, that of nature she preserved unsullied by sin.

The reader will be struck by the fine discrimination of character, the quickness of perception, and the exquisite power of expressing the nicest shades of feeling which Madam Roland has shewn in the description of the men who had most affected her. None but a woman's hand could have drawn such portraits as these of

BARBAROUX AND BUZOT.

But of the men whom enthusiasm for the Revolution brought around her, he whom Madame Roland preferred to all was Buzot. More attached to this young female than to his party, Buzot was to her a friend, whilst the others were but tools or accomplices. She had quickly passed her judgment on Barbaroux, and this judgment, impressed with a certain bitterness, was like a repentance for the secret impression which the favourable exterior of this young man had at first inspired. She accuses herself with finding him so handsome, and seems to fortify her heart against the fascination of his looks. "Barbaroux is volatile," she said; "the adoration he receives from worthless women destroys the seriousness of his feelings. When I see such fine young men too conceited at the impression they make, like Barbaroux and Héault de Séchelles, I cannot help thinking that they adore themselves too much to have a great deal of adoration left for their country."

If we may lift the veil from the heart of this virtuous woman, who does not raise it herself for fear of developing a sentiment contrary to her duties, we must be convinced that her instinctive inclination had been one moment for Barbaroux, but her reflecting tenderness was for Buzot. It is neither given to duty nor liberty to fill completely the soul of a woman as lovely and impassioned as she: duty chills, politics deceive, virtue retains, love fills the heart. Madame Roland loved Buzot. He adored in her his inspiration and his idol. Perchance they never disclosed to each other in words a sentiment which would have been the less sacred to them from the hour in which it had become guilty. But what they concealed from one another

they have involuntarily revealed at their death. There are in the last days and last hours of this man and this woman, sighs, gestures, and words, which allow the secret preserved during life to escape in the presence of death; but the secret thus disclosed keeps its mystery. Prosperity may have the right to detect, but none to accuse, this sentiment.

Roland, an estimable but morose old man, had the exactions of weakness without having its gratitude or indulgence towards his partner. She remained faithful to him, more from respect to herself than from affection to him. They loved the same cause—Liberty; but Roland's fanaticism was as cold as pride, whilst his wife's was as glowing as love. She sacrificed herself daily at the shrine of her husband's reputation, and scarcely perceived her own self-devotion. He read in her heart that she bore the yoke with pride, and yet the yoke galled her. She paints Buzot with complacency, and as the ideal of domestic happiness. "Sensible, ardent, melancholy," she writes, "a passionate admirer of nature, he seems born to give and share happiness. This man would forget the universe in the sweetness of private virtues. Capable of sublime impulses and unvarying affections, the vulgar, who like to depreciate what it cannot equal, accuse him of being a dreamer. Of sweet countenance, elegant figure, there is always in his attire that care, neatness, and propriety, which announce the respect of self as well as of others. Whilst the dregs of the nation elevate the flatterers and corruptors of the people to station—whilst cut-throats swear, drink, and clothe themselves in rags, in order to fraternise with the populace, Buzot possesses the morality of Socrates, and maintains the decorum of Scipio: so they pull down his house and banish him as they did Aristides. I am astonished they have not issued a decree that his name should be forgotten." The man of whom she speaks in such terms from the depths of her dungeon, on the evening before her death, exiled, wandering, concealed in the caves of St. Emilion, fell as though struck by lightning, and remained several days in a state of phrenzy, on learning the death of Madame Roland.

Lastly, we must give the scene of the conception and first impulse of a republic for France. The terrible earnestness of the actors proves how active and sincere was the patriotism that inspired the leading members of the Girondists.

Roland then lived in a gloomy house of the Rue St. Jacques, almost in the garrets: it was a philosopher's retreat, and his wife illuminated it. Present at all the conversations of Roland, she witnessed the conferences between her husband and the young Marseillais. Barbaroux thus relates the interview in which the first idea of a republic was mooted: "That astonishing woman was there," said he. "Roland asked me what I thought the best means of saving France. I opened my heart to him: my confidence called for his. 'Liberty is gone,' he replied, 'if we do not speedily disconcert the plots of the court. La Fayette is meditating treason in the north: the army of the centre is systematically disorganized: in six weeks the Austrians will be at Paris. Have we then laboured at the most glorious of revolutions for so many years to see it overthrown in a single day? If Liberty dies in France, it is lost for ever to the rest of the world!—all the hopes of philosophy are deceived—prejudices and tyranny will again grasp the world. Let us prevent this misfortune, and if the north is subjected, let us take Liberty with us into the south, and there form a colony of free men.' His wife wept as she listened to him, and I myself wept as I looked at her. Oh! how much the outpourings of confidence console and fortify minds that are in desolation. I drew a rapid sketch of the resources and hopes of Liberty in the south. A serene expression of joy spread over Roland's brow: he squeezed my hand, and we traced on a map of France the limits of this empire of Liberty, which extended from the Doubs, the Ain, and the Rhone to La Dordogne, and from the inaccessible moun-

tains of Auvergne to Durance and the sea. I wrote, by dictation of Roland, to request from Marseilles a battalion and two pieces of cannon. These preliminaries agreed upon, I left Roland with feelings of deep respect for himself and his wife. I have seen them subsequently, during their second ministry, as simple-minded as in their humble retreat. Of all the men of modern times, Roland seems to me most to resemble Cato; but it must be owned that it is to his wife that his courage and talents are due." Thus did the original idea of a federative republic arise in the first interview between Barbaroux and Madame Roland. What they dreamed of as a desperate measure of Liberty, was afterwards made a reproach to them for having conspired as a plot. This first sigh of patriotism of two young minds who met and understood each other, was their attraction and their crime.

Here we close our notice of a book which has afforded us the highest gratification. We have offered our readers very freely our opinion of it, and giving them abundant means of judging for themselves. The work will have, as it deserves, a great sale, and we strongly recommend it.

Voyages and Travels.

A Narrative of a Recent Journey of Six Weeks in Ireland, in connection with the subject of supplying Small Seed to some of the Remoter Districts. With Current Observations on the Depressed Circumstances of the People, and the Means presented for the Permanent Improvement of their Social Condition. By

WILLIAM BENNETT. London, 1847.

WILLIAM BENNETT is "one of the people called Quakers," and distinguished for benevolence even among that benevolent sect. Having been acquainted with Ireland in early life, his heart was smitten by the cries of famine that during the last winter came to us from that unhappy land, and yielding to his charitable instincts, he resolved to dedicate himself to the work of visiting the scene of misery, with the purpose of relieving it so far as his own means and those of friend would permit, and to perform the yet greater service of an investigation into the best method of assuring to her distresses that permanent removal, without which temporary charity is little more than labour lost, as certain to be succeeded by other and still more clamorous demands.

It was in the month of March that Mr. BENNETT started from England, freighted with a store of clothing, and a good round sum in cash, contributed by the Ladies' Relief Society. He proceeded first to Erris Head, County Mayo; thence through Sligo and Donegal, to Belfast. In another excursion he skirted Dingle Bay on the south side, to Skibbereen, and thence to Cork. The newspapers have already supplied most of the facts he details; but his volume has a permanent interest, as presenting them in a collected form, where they can be viewed as a whole, and the deductions drawn from them, without which the terrible history of the present year will be written in vain. It is valuable also for the opinions it contains of a man of undoubted candour and honesty, against whom no charge of partizanship can be preferred,—who is at once a Christian and a man of business,—whose philanthropy is practical, and his philosophy the result of experience. If he has a bias, it is in favour of Ireland and the Irish, whom he looks upon as suffering under a long course of misgovernment; but, however unwilling formally to admit the fact, it is everywhere apparent, from Mr. BENNETT's account of them, that the Irish have themselves to blame, far more than any wrongs inflicted by England,

for their backward condition. They want the resolute will of the Englishman,—the persevering industry and steadiness of the Scotchman. They have the ambition of the one and the appetite for gain of the other, but they will not submit to the process of patient drudgery by which either can be attained. At Arranmore Mr. BENNETT records one fact which embodies the history of Irish poverty. "The feature that struck me most forcibly was, that among this whole population, estimated at 1,500, there was not a single particle of work of any description that we could see going forward, either inside the cottages or outside upon the soil, except one old woman knitting."

In this we have the key to the problem that has perplexed so many philosophers, and baffled so many statesmen.

Settlers and Convicts; or, Recollections of Sixteen Years' Labour in the Australian Backwoods. By an Emigrant Mechanic. London, 1847. C. Cox.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

OUR emigrant relates in the form of a Diary his adventures while looking for a station. It is a curious picture of a wild country, and of the manner in which the animal instincts are sharpened by necessity. Thus

TRAVELLING IN THE WILDS.

We had heard of a piece of unoccupied ground some distance off the road to the eastward, and rode across to examine it. Our directions to it (there being no roads across the country, except the two or three great ones to the principal points) were up a certain hollow, through a gap in the range, and then across to a mountain on the distant horizon, by riding over which at the easiest acclivity we could find, a creek would be reached, and this creek followed down would lead to the run. Travellers in England would probably think such directions as these poor guidance for a distance of many miles; however, we were successful in our search. Practice in bush travelling gives great address in tracing such natural landmarks. A good hand at making his way in the bush is called a good bushman; as is also a good workman in timber. A man is not entitled to this appellation until he has acquired a sort of tact of going right instinctively. The infallible accuracy with which some men will hit a point several miles off in a dark night, and all the way through thick forest, is quite astonishing. The station we reached for the night was merely an enclosure of branches of trees, just to keep the sheep together. There was but one flock, and the but was only a few sheets of bark set up round an area of about six feet square, with a roof of the same, through which the stars shone down upon us as we lay wrapped in our blankets on the floor. But we were not many minutes down before we were obliged to rise and take the ground outside some way off for our pallet for the rest of the night. The sandy hut floor was literally alive with fleas. After a martyr's sufferings, as soon as the sun rose, I went to the water to wash; and when I took my shirt off, these terrible persecutors covered it as if scattered by the hand as the gardener sows seed.

The picture of the plains is very interesting, and the dangers are of a peculiar kind.

Never-ending forest, with here and there a little meadow-like spot, covered with the coarse grass called "blade of grass;" a geographical surface so varied, wild, and wonderful, that you seem to be in another land; great unfathomable gulfs of woody valley, irregular and bewildering ridges, a flock of kangaroo, or a scarcely less wild flock of bush-cattle galloping down upon you at a charge pace to within a few feet, and there standing, encircling and staring at you, and then at the first motion of an arm or sound of a voice wheeling and tossing their heads and snorting and bursting away like a living hurricane through the crashing bush: such was the scenery. The incidents were more of

narrative than of present fact. We were told of an old gentleman belonging to a settler's family who used often to wander reading about the bush near the farm which borders on these intricate wilds. One day when he had done so, he returned not. Search was made in all directions, but nothing was ever heard of him again. It is supposed that he lost his way; and still, with the flurried speed of fear, rushed farther and farther from his home and familiar places till exhaustion and death overtook him in some lonely hollow, where the foot of even the scanty black population of the wilderness is not accustomed to penetrate for years together. Some years afterwards I was told of a poor bark-striper, getting mimosa bark, being lost among these same labyrinths. This man's feelings must have been most painful, as he could not have been above half-a-mile from well-known ground and the spot whence the line of bundles of bark would have led him almost to his own door, when he found himself at fault. To those not acquainted with country of this description I know that such facts will hardly be credible. I can, however, assure the reader that on this very occasion it was nearly my own lot; for only by riding round a single small hill whilst my fellow-horsemen went over it, I got so bewildered, and so much more bewildered as I made more efforts to extricate myself, that but for "coo-eehing" loudly from a hill-top, which was answered by R—— and the stockman with him, I should probably never have found my way; unless perhaps by the sagacity of my horse on my giving up all other hope and letting him have his head. In this respect the horseman is much better off than the footman. A vast many fatal adventures of this class occur in the colony. Some time afterwards I heard of a new hand lost on Manaroo Plains merely through their monotony. He went with one of the old hands to the plain to look for bullocks, and getting out of his sight and out of sight of the hut, was found no more. Again, quite an old hand was lost near the same place in a snow storm. The snow had covered the road: he got off it, and could not find it again; but when discovered, he was only a few yards from it. The last case I heard of was somewhere behind Bathurst. It was that of a bullock driver going with his team from one bush station to another. It appeared it was a very sultry day; and he left his mate and team to go down a hollow, thinking it would lead to a creek and afford him a drink. It was nine days afterwards before he was found—whether dead or alive I forget. But I have some faint recollection, either in this case or some other about the same part, of a man being found after many days' search lying dead across a large log, with his legs eaten away by the native dogs. A very melancholy case I was told of near Jambecombie; it was that of a poor government man, a tailor, who went from one farm to another to get cloth and take measure for a garment, and in coming back lost himself in the deep brushy Budawong gullies; and when at last the blacks found him, he was down in a deep creek-bed in the mountain, where only few and faint fragments of sunshine ever reached the ground: he too was lying across a log; and it was discovered that he had cut up his cloth into innumerable little snips and dropped them as he went as a sort of clue. But what exactly he thought to gain by this expedient when already lost, it would not perhaps be easy to divine.

One of the greatest pests is the abundance of

SNAKES IN AUSTRALIA.

In the summer R—— had a very narrow escape of being bitten by a snake. As a caution, it may be worth relating, though as an incident it is of such common character that we did not think much of it. We had a hen sitting, and on the morning R—— considered the chickens ought to be coming out, he went to the old hollow log in which the hen had made her nest. Here at the mouth he found her running about, and cackling, and ruffling her feathers; and supposed she was calling out one or more of the chickens who had broken the shell with her as she went to her morning meal. After waiting some time, as they did not come out, he

stooped down and put his hand in, to bring them out of the nest; but the instant he began to feel over the top of the eggs, his hand touched what by the cold smooth velvet-like feeling he knew to be a large snake. Probably it was asleep, for it did not move. We got the mortising axe, and mortised a hole through the barrel of the log above the nest; and after some trouble got the reptile out. One of the dogs seized him, as he shot out, by the back of the neck, and flung him yards up into the air. He was a black snake, better than five feet long. The bite of this species is fatal, except under very prompt measures of abscission and good medical treatment. Considering the great number of snakes in all parts of the bush, it is quite astonishing so few persons met their death by them. My own escapes have been almost innumerable, and so I suppose have been most other bushmen's. Now then one hears of some very melancholy case of fatal effects. I do not know whether naturalists have collected specimens of all the species to be found in this country; but when collected they must form a singularly striking and disgusting spectacle. I have seen a snake which seemed full grown, not more than eight inches long, and about the thickness of a stout tobacco-pipe, of the most glittering silver grey, and a head like an oblong glass bead flattened. Then again there is that genus of the diamond snake which frequents the water, running to extreme length: on Paramatta bridge, many years ago, one was found twenty-seven feet long. Between these range the black snake, which runs from three to seven feet, and whose bite is deadly; the brown snake, commonly found from three to four feet, said to be even more venomous than the black; the copper-coloured snake, a very long, thin, and beautifully coppered species, whether venomous or not in a high degree, I cannot say; it is not very common. I saw no more than two of them in the whole period of my residence. Besides these there are grey, yellow, green, and carpet snakes; indeed you scarcely pass a summer without seeing several new sorts. The reader perhaps will feel it difficult of belief, but I should certainly not withhold the fact that I have known settlers plough up as many snakes in ploughing ten acres of ground as would fill a peck measure; and I was once shewn a tract of bush road by a fellow-traveller, in travelling along which some time previously he assured me he had seen upwards of twenty snakes of various species. It is a circumstance which elicits a universal expression of surprise among the colonists that, snakes being so common as they are, so few persons should be bitten. Sometimes they make away when they are disturbed, at others again they do not; so that it is difficult to determine whether there is in them a general and natural dread of man. Taking all I have observed together I should incline to say there is, but that it is modified by circumstances, at times so much as entirely to disappear. For instance, a snake may be provoked by blows to fly at his assailant; again, a friend once told me that a black snake hunted him away from her nest a considerable distance along the road, and he believed would have overtaken and bitten him if he had not had a charge of shot in his gun with which he turned and blew her all to pieces as she came on. This I can state as certain, because I have experienced it—that the human eye, if once it can catch the snake's, has the power of fixing it, and so holding the animal till it is withdrawn.

We take a picturesque description of

THE SHOALHAVEN RIVER.

No description can convey an idea of the savage grandeur of the district of the Shoalhaven River and its gullies. Blocks of country many miles in extent stand up square and wall sited from the level around, their bleak flat table-tops among the clouds, and you wander among their bases as if along the streets of some forsaken giants' city. In other places the descent from the higher land into the gullies is so far, so wood-shadowed and obscure, so steep, that it seems as you go down, down, down, as if you were travelling to the darksome depths of a nether world. But then again, this

descent once effected you find yourself among romantic flats of the richest soil covered with ferns and rank grass, amidst which meander fine broad streams of crystal water, icy cold, overhung and bordered by magnificent trees; the vast gum-tree ages old, and hollowed at the butt by the bush fires of centuries long past, so that a whole party might camp within. At the foot of this fountain near Boulli there is an old stringy-bark tree into whose trunk it is a common report that nine horsemen once rode together; nor do I see any reason for disbelieving it. Its head is broken off some height up, and it looks like some huge factory chimney struck off half way down. Here and there amidst these solemn fastnesses, but many miles apart, you meet with the solitary stock-station, amidst some scope of park-like forest that a nobleman might envy for the site of mansion or castle. The sleek and lordly beevies, and the more quiet milking cattle with their calves, graze or rest in the shadow of the trees; the dogs lie basking in the sun outside the hut: within you find the hut-keeper quietly plaiting straw, or sewing together opossum skins to serve as a blanket, or smoking his pipe and reading some worn old fragment of a book, his whole library. At times home rides the stockman with three or four of his neighbours in charge of herds at other stations, and then up blazes the wood fire on the hearth with a fresh supply of logs; down go the quart pots in front for tea, one for each man; and as for one after another the "Irish boil" perfects into a good sound "English boil," in goes into each a whole handful of tea, and the bright tin pail pot for drinking out of is placed on the top of each as it is removed back from the fire to draw. Presently out come the damper and beef; and after a hearty meal, the pipes are filled, and the world and all its woes are forgotten in the jest and tale. Such is life at these stations often for years together; its monotony only broken by the yearly muster and branding, or by the stockman's journey to Sydney with a drove of fat beasts for the butcher; and occasionally to some new station with a draught of cattle when they have become too numerous for their native run.

Among his adventures is a scene at

A CONVICT'S HUT.

Among others came two free men, mates, who were splitting stuff for a new station a few miles farther along the creek. These brought with them two half-gallon bottles of rum; of course it soon began to be served out. Next came out the cards, for there is hardly a station where these are not to be found; some men carry a pack in their pocket wherever they go, and amuse themselves with whenever they can. Singing followed: songs they were, such as the reader would not thank me for transcribing. As the evening wore on, the tide of carousal deepened, and truly as it deepened it darkened. One man told how, some years before, when he was at Port Macquarie, a penal settlement of the most severe sort, he and two others had taken the bush and tried to make their way along the coast to Sydney, had got lost among the intricacies of that broken coast, exhausted their provisions, and were on the point of starving, when they met with a solitary black, whom they killed with his own tomahawk; and after their cannibal "feed," each cut off a limb and brought it on his shoulder for future supply. But all died in the mountains except this man, who at length, preferring any punishment to such sufferings as he had been enduring, gave himself up at the Coal River. It is impossible to determine whether this story was true or false; but I heard it told with my own ears, and if it shews nothing else, it shews how depraved men must have become who can relate or listen to such things as very good jokes, and as the ground of a claim to the admiration of those around them. Another, quite a young lad, related that he had that day seen at the farm one of the last new hands that had been sent up from Sydney convict barracks; that this new hand, also quite a youngster, was at the *Euryalus* hulk, in England, along with him, and had almost made "a stiff 'un" of him. For that he (this new hand), and three or four more of the biggest and strongest boys, used to "keep

pigs," as it was there called ; that is to say, they used to take away all their food from the little boys, and using the best, throw them back the offal (potato peelings, gristle, crusts), which they called feeding their pigs : and this had gone on without his daring to say a word about it, until medical skill could scarcely recover him. Another told, that when he was in an iron gang, employed in making the road over the Blue Mountains, at one period the work was so severe and the rations given by government so short, that hardly a man in the gang had a bit after Wednesday night ; so that there were Thursday, Friday, and half of Saturday to be passed without food : and that the work must be done, food or no food, or there was the triangles for it. Their only resource was to elude the camp sentries whenever they could, and go on the forage. Sometimes they managed to rob a dray ; sometimes he had gone twelve miles and back before daylight to steal a little bag of growing maize ; and once the whole gang had been superbly feasted from the carcase of a working bullock, which had died on the road side, and was so putrescent when those who went had cut their lots of flesh off it, that they could hardly carry it home.

Our author closes with a chapter of general remarks, which we recommend to the attention of economists and politicians, but which we need only name here as giving additional value to a publication otherwise full of information.

EDUCATION.

The Elements of Grammar, according to Dr. Becker's system, displayed by the structure of the English tongue. By J. H. JAMES. London, 1847. Longmans.

THE Germans have of late years been foremost in discovering and enunciating the true principles of Education. Some of the ablest minds of that nation have been addressed to the compilation of books for school purposes, and the exemplary patience and laborious research the works of those writers exhibit prove the importance they attached to the duty they had undertaken.

The Grammar before us is formed upon a plan entirely differing from any work of this nature in the English language. This variance is thus explained by DR. BECKER in the preface to the German edition :—

The view on which the present Grammar is founded may, in contradistinction to the older grammars, be called *modern*, though at a closer inspection it might be discovered that its principles were not altogether unknown to the ancients. This modern view will be easily understood by those who set out with a direct consideration of language itself, and who proceed from the relations of thought and of notions expressed in it ; but it may be less accessible to such as are more or less entangled in the definitions, as well as in the whole mode of conception, peculiar to older grammar. Generally, the views of modern grammar, however respectful towards traditional ideas, are not very compatible with the old ; and several attempts at reconciling the new with the old, did not lead to any desirable results. In regard to the conception, as well as for the understanding, of this grammar, it is of importance that the grounds of this incompatibility should be clearly known.

The principles upon which this Grammar is constructed are briefly as follows :—

Though modern grammar, by a natural development, has sprung from the older, still its entire direction is different from the latter. By considering language, generally, as the organic expression of thought, and all particular forms of speech as expressions of particular relations of thought and of notions, it turns its attention *first* to the relations of thought and of notions, and *then* to the expressions in the forms of speech corresponding with them. Its proper task consists in understand-

ing the language, that is, in conceiving every particular form of speech in its true value ; and the mother tongue being, in this manner, understood in a *direct* way, foreign languages, on the other hand, only by means of the mother tongue, this proposition is to be solved, in the first instance, by the mother tongue. In modern grammar, the *signification* is the basis of the whole system, but not the *form*, as in the older. The word is the thought embodied in sound ; and in a like manner, since all relations of notions are developed from the thought, the most varied formations of speech are, at the same time, developed from the word. By further recognizing in the process of thinking an organic process regulated by laws, it assumes positively distinct relations of thought and of notions to be necessarily given relations, and the forms of speech corresponding to them, to a certain extent, as necessary forms : and a correct distinction and a real understanding of the latter can only be effected by a correct and close distinction of the former. We, therefore, distinguish in the thought, first, the *notions* from the *relations* of notions ; then we divide, on one side, the notions into notions of *activity*, and notions of *existence*, and these as well as the former into their particular kinds ; and, on the other side, the relations into relations of notions among each other, and into relations to the speaker, and the former, like these, again into their particular species. By thus making the *signification* the basis of the grammatical system, by displaying for the different kinds of notions and relations, the forms corresponding to them, and by distinguishing these not only in their external form, but more especially in reference to their signification, the whole language becomes, as it were, transparent. Modern grammar setting out with the consideration of thought expressed in the sentence, and developing all particular forms of speech from the sentence, all its parts are brought into a closer connection with each other, the grammatical materials being shaped into a natural system, in which all particulars are clearly distinguished and inwardly connected. If this view really agree with the nature of its subject, and if it be better suited than that of older grammars to lead to a correct understanding of language, it must serve as a basis, not only to the grammar of our native tongue, but also to the grammars of foreign languages, ancient as well as modern ; and modern grammar must, in a certain degree, become the grammar of all languages.

It is for the reason expressed in the last sentence of the above extract that the writer adapts this grammar to the practice of translation into foreign languages. He thinks this book may be advantageously used by the learner, because "the grammatical forms of the English tongue being always present to the latter's mind first, the teacher to whom he translates need only point out and explain the corresponding forms of the foreign language, whenever they deviate from those of the English. In this manner, the student will speedily acquire a clear and firm knowledge of any foreign idiom, and he will not merely speak or write English in foreign words, as has been hitherto the case but too commonly."

The system, as before stated, is so completely new to this country, so complex in its character, and necessarily requiring so much time to examine thoroughly into its efficacy, that, with the opportunity afforded us, we will not venture to pronounce an opinion upon its merits, nor, indeed, do we think this can be safely done before the system has been worked and thereby tested in this country. We may, however, safely remark, that singular ability and ingenuity are every where visible in the parts of this work to which leisure has permitted of our giving attention.

Tales about Animals. By PETER PARLEY.

Tegg and Co. 1847.

THE fact that this book has now reached a tenth edition is the best of all recommenda-

tions ; since it is proof positive that the book has received the sanction of public approval. The stories are compiled, with excellent judgment, from books of travels and works on natural history. They are told with simplicity, and are intelligible to the youngest understanding. The illustrations are spirited and strikingly accurate to nature ; and the getting up of the work is liberal and handsome. In short, this is a book for the young which combines instruction and amusement in a rare and highly commendable manner, and a more useful as well as elegant present for a child than this can hardly be imagined, and certainly is nowhere to be found.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Gentleman's Magazine, September. The number for this month commences with a long and elaborately written review of MACAULAY'S "Lays of Ancient Rome," a task for which the writer proves his fitness by the display of varied stores of classical learning, and no ordinary share of the acumen desiderated in a critic. This is followed by a letter on the Etymology of "York." Some remarks on the proposed alterations in Westminster Abbey, (extracted from *The Builder*) ; and a letter on the Fisheries in the County of Cork succeed ; then comes a letter introducing "a recovered fragment of Dr. Johnson," which we give entire :—

MR. URBAN.—Whilst collecting materials for a memoir, and selection of letters, of Dr. James Grainger, author of the "Sugar Cane," intended for a new volume in continuation of the "Illustrations of Literature," I was shown by a friend, in Dr. Johnson's hand-writing, the commencement of a critique on that poem, contributed by Dr. Johnson to Dr. Percy, and which was inserted with additions in the London Chronicle for July 5, 1764, p. 12. As the critique does not appear in the works of Dr. Johnson, or his Life by Boswell, and as no production of his pen can be deemed worthy of neglect or oblivion, I request you to print it in your miscellany, which owes so much of its early celebrity to the writings of Dr. Johnson.

"To travel usefully in any country requires a course of study and a disposition of mind suited to the objects which that country particularly presents to curiosity. Holland will be most properly surveyed by the merchant and politician, and Italy by the antiquary and virtuoso. America is well known to be the habitation of uncivilized nations, remarkable only for their rudeness and simplicity. The plains and mountains of the western hemisphere afford no monuments of ancient magnificence, nor any exhibitions of modern elegance. The life of the vagrant inhabitants, insecure and unfriended, can only show how labour may supply the want of skill, and how necessity may enforce expedients. But nature has filled these boundless regions with innumerable forms, to which European eyes are wholly strangers. 'In passing down the river of Amazonas,' says Condorcet, 'I saw new plants, new animals, and new men.' The qualifications of an American traveller are, knowledge of nature and copiousness of language, acuteness of observation and facility of description. It is therefore with that pleasure which every rational mind finds in the hope of enlarging the empire of science, that we see these enlightened* regions visited by a man who examines them as a philosopher, and describes them as a poet. The subject which he has chosen to illustrate demands, by its commercial value, the attention of a mercantile, and by its physical curiosity that of a philosophical, nation. And it is reasonable to expect that all to whom sugar contributes usefulness or pleasure will be willing to know from what it is produced, and how it is prepared."

The Sugar Cane is well reviewed in the Monthly Review, vol. xxxi. 105 ; and noticed in *Gent. Mag.* 1764, 304, 342.

Yours, &c.

J. B. N.

Letters "On the Granting of Arms," and Bishop Atterbury's satirical "Remarks upon Lord Cadogan," and an anecdote of Carter the composer, precede a very interesting paper, entitled, "A Pilgrimage to Walsingham," which is illustrated with engravings. But to our notion the most welcome article is one upon

* So the original: *qu. delightful?*

a book called "Poems Divine and Humane," by Thomas Beedome, which appears in that valuable department of the magazine styled the "Retrospective Review." There are many writers of merit in our language whose names, like that of Beedome, may by means of this division of the Gentleman's Magazine be rescued from oblivion. Of Beedome, to whose poems the article in this number is devoted, nothing is known, further than that he lived in the early part of the seventeenth century, and that his poems, edited by Henry Glapthorne, were published after his death in the year 1641, and prefaced, as was the custom, by encomiastic verses, by the author's peers in poetry. The shortest of these we lay before our readers. It will remind them of the popular lyric by Shirley, commencing, "Shall I wastyng in despaire," from which no doubt Beedome borrowed the sentiment. The other of his poems here given do not appear to have been originated like this, but to owe their suggestion entirely to the poet's own fancy.

THE CHOYCE.

What care I, though she be faire,
Her snowlike hand or sunlike eye,
In that beauty I not share?
Were she deformed, what care I?

What care I, though she be faire,
Her swarthy hand or sunburnt eye,
So long as I enjoy her soule,
Let her be so, why what care I?

Dimme sight is covered with a glosse
Of gaudy gown or bumerous haire;
Such gold in melting leaves more drosse
Than some unpolish'd pieces share.

Be she faire, or foul, or either,
Or made up of both together,
Be her heart mine, hair, hand, or eye,
Be what it will,—why what care I?

Jealous as we are compelled to be of space in our notice of periodicals, we have here chanced upon another of Beedome's poems, whose beauty has so long been withheld from the public, that, regardless of inconvenience, we must find room for it, and give it the extension which our circulation permits. —

A COMPLAINT OF HIS SEPARATION FROM HIS MISTRESS, CAUSED BY HIS FREIND'S INJUNCTION.

Dear heart, remember that sad hour,
When we were forc'd to part,
How on thy cheeks I wept a shower,
With sad and heavy heart;
About thy waist my arms did twist,
Oh! then I sigh'd, and then I kist.

Ten thousand fears and joys in one
Did such distraction frame,
As if the lifeless world did run
To chaos back again;
Whilst my poor heart, amidst these fears,
Lay bathed in my wilk-warm tears.

Ah! then I thought, and, thinking, wept,
How friends and fate did lower
On thee, Leander; how they kept
Thee from thy Hero's tower,
While thunder groan'd, and heaven did weep,
To rocke thy sense in silent sleepe.

But Fate must unresisted stande,
Oh! who can it oppose?
Necessity's a tyrant, and
No meane in mischief knows,
Else might my fairer love and I
Unsever'd live, while one did die.

Just so the hungry infant from
His mother's dugge is ta'en,
When his weak arms yet spread along,
More dulcid milk to gain;
And nothing brings the babe to rest
Until he sleepe upon her breast.

Thus, being banish'd from my love,
And forc'd to leave her sight,
No thoughts but those of her can move
In me the least delight;
But, like true steele, my heart doth pant
To touch the long'd-for adamant.

Oh! let no storme of discontent
Be clouded in your brows,
Deare friends, that have my being lent,
Give being to my woes.

I'll much engage my heart, if when
I say she's mine, you'll say, Amen;
Such kindnesse to our true love shew
Shall bind us doubly then your own.

The usual quantity of Reviews of New Publications, Literary and Scientific Intelligence, Antiquarian Researches, Historical Chronicle and Obituary, make up an unusually attractive number of this well-established magazine.

Tait's Magazine opens this month with a read-

able and thoughtful paper on "Schlosser's Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," by Thomas De Quincey. We have next a review of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's novel, "Grantley Manor," which contains a succinct account of the plot, and gives numerous extracts, accompanied by the usual garniture of criticism. An interesting and graphically written story, called "Pauline Bartenu, the Huguenot's Daughter," follows next; it will repay the reading. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder continues his papers on "Scottish Rivers;" and Mr. Gilfillan, for the subject of his second sketch of "Female Authors," has selected "Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning," of whose genius and writings he gives a favourable and we believe a just account. The Literary and Political Registers, contain matter of the usual nature and merit; altogether the present is a fair, we cannot say a brilliant, number of *Tait's*.

Dolman's Magazine. A long article on "The Anglican Church System" commences the present number. It is written with even less of amenity and of liberal feeling than usually characterises the papers in this periodical, which treat of English Universities and the Church of England. The Editor continues his account of "The Last Days of the Gordon Riots." The subject selected for the gallery of "Irish Agitators" in this number is O'Gorman Mahon, of whom a spiritedly written sketch is given. Mr. Leicester Buckingham furnishes a tame and feebly penned essay on Cromwell, and Mr. Howden a classical fragment of poetry called "The Lay of the Beacon." A few "Critical Notices," and the usual quantity of monthly intelligence, make up the number, which is one of average interest.

Simmond's Colonial Magazine.—The contents of this month's number of most prominent interest are "Notes in the Commerce of Siam," by the Editor of the Singapore Free Press; "Australia and its Characteristics," by THOMAS MCCONNIE; "The State and National Emigration;" "Facts for the Famished," by the Editor; "Suggestions for the Emigration Commissioners," by H. MANN. A large mass of information, interesting to emigrants and colonists, is collected in this number.

Sharpe's London Magazine offers this month the customary number of superior wood-cuts, and that agreeable variety of papers which have always characterised the literary caterings of its Editor.

The Eclectic Review opens with an article on "Hagenbach's History of Doctrines," penned in a less considerate manner than such a subject demands. This is followed by skilfully written review on "Grote's History of Greece," which precedes an Essay on the power of Papal Rome, ostensibly a Review of ELFE TAYLOR's work, "Popery, its Character and Crimes." Critiques on "Eccleston's English Antiquities," and "The Autobiography of Hans Christian Andersen;" with articles on "Dublin and its Corporation;" and "The Electoral Policy of Dissenters and its results," make up a fair number of this Review.

Mores Catholici carries on "The Ages of Faith" a little further; the same learning, and trustful credulity, which marked the former parts, distinguish this also.

The Literary World; a Gazette for Authors, Readers, and Publishers. Osgood and Co.: New York. We hail with pleasure the appearance of this work, and welcome it with cordiality to our table. Our readers should know that this is a weekly Journal of Literature, the Fine Arts, and the Drama, lately commenced in America. It is edited with excellent judgment and high literary ability by Mr. C. R. HOFFMAN, and numbers amongst its contributors the best writers of America. We have afforded the best proof of the estimation in which we hold the character of this work, the confidence we repose in its fairness, and the ability displayed in its articles, by transferring to our division for American literature some papers from its pages. One recommendation we offer to the Editor, and that is to secure higher talent for the department of Art. The critiques hitherto offered are worse than contemptible, and are at a far distance in quality from the literary matter in this promising Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Highland Sports, and Highland Quarters. By HERBERT BYNG HALL, Esq. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1847. H. Hurst.

The popularity which rewarded the admirable books on *Highland Field Sports*, by Mr. SCROPE and Mr. ST. JOHN, immediately on their appearance, no doubt, suggested to Mr. HALL the publication of these volumes. *Emulation* is both an active and a productive virtue, and the success of one man a mighty provocative of rivalry in another. Compared with the above-named writers, Mr. HALL appears at great disadvantage. With equal, if not greater pretensions, he has neither the true *animus* of the sportsman, which enables an author to kindle the sympathies of the reader, nor the pen of an artist, to amuse by life-like description of nature. To succeed as a writer on field-sports, it is indispensable that both be united in the same individual.

These volumes are made up of reminiscences of sporting adventures, and the accidents of travel which befell the writer on various occasions, during excursions in Scotland. They contain here and there passages of spirited narrative, and graphic sketching; but the writer is deficient in taste, his judgment is not discriminative, he knows not how to select the pertinent from the trivial, and to preserve the unity of the subject he handles. Hence, his narratives are often disconnected and weakened in effect upon the reader. There is throughout these volumes a ludicrous contradiction between the enthusiasm feigned by Mr. HALL for field-sports, and the languid manner in which he pursued them. Something of this may be gathered from the following passage, which a thorough-going sportsman could never have written; it is, however, even better to be learnt from the general narratives than from this:—

Now, we yield to none in our delight of every sort of sport; at the same time we admit a preference, more particularly for those wherein the noble animal the horse or faithful dog takes a prominent part. Indeed, so much do we delight in following the sporting instincts and sagacities of these faithful friends to man, that for hours together we have walked over the moors in company with a first-rate sportsman, allowing him, without one particle of jealousy, all the honours and pleasures of the powder and shot, while we ourselves have been contented with watching the qualities and peculiarities of his dogs when seeking their game.

Likings will betray themselves, take what pains to conceal them we may. The unconscious revelations of these pages, clearly shew that Mr. HALL loves *eating* far better than *shooting*. While following the grouse, he never chances upon a golden plover but he exclaims, "Oh! plump, delicious morsel!"—never a woodcock in the brushy dingles, but he makes a similar apostrophe. He turns aside continually from his description of the chase of roe-deer, hunting of the hare, netting of the salmon, and the like, to describe the agreeable associations of the table the quarry suggests to him, and the meal by anticipation;—even the mode of cookery he describes with the kind of unction which, writing on a professed sporting subject, he should have transferred to that. Take the following:—

Previous to uttering a word, save those compelled by courtesy, we lifted the cover of a dish near at hand, and beheld—oh pleasing sight!—some juvenile grouse *fendu au centre*, and broiled. We performed the same office by cover No. 2, when some delicate trout, fresh from the Lyon, which had only ceased to swim alive when they swam dead in the Lucca oil in which they were fried, glad-

dened our hungry eyes. "Nice plump grouse! why do you allow yourselves to be shot, thus to be broiled and eaten? Dear little fish! why will ye be hooked thus to fry in oil? 'Tis very kind of you, and much we thank you." And with this passing thought, having seated ourselves, we prepared for action with a full determination to attack centre and flank, front and rear, of all the good things before us.

The very next page is charged with recommendations on the subject of eating. *Diable de grouse et truite à l'huile* is strongly recommended; and just before the attack on the trout, above described, he digresses from a description of the chase of the mountain hare to descant upon her merits for the table.

Many a morning's delightful sport we have to thank them for; and as for the eating of their "cadavres," as our Gallic friends would term it, why, in good faith, we know of few better morsels than that eaten from the loins of a well-roasted mountain hare, with a trifle of currant jelly to give it a relish.

In short, *machereau à la sauce piquante*, &c., English viands cooked in the French fashion, château margeaux, cognac, cigars, and whiskey have evidently a larger share of Mr. HALL's likings than field-sports, and he dwells upon them with heartier pleasure. Having said this much, we have urged the strongest objections to this work. It is no more than justice to add, that Mr. HALL's descriptions are sometimes animating and natural. We give the following account of harrying the mountain-side for hares, because we have never before seen a description of this mode of sport, though we have ourselves seen it practised in Wales.

HARE HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

With a regiment of "gillies," or beaters, we started for Stroneich; in the first places crossing the Lyon in a frail barque, which caused us no little amusement; the large rocks here and there dispersed in this rapid river, together with the shoals and deep pools, making the navigation no easy matter. On our arrival at the level summit of the mountain, after a most delightful walk of some two or three miles through heathered valleys and over hill-tops, the grouse rising every moment on each side of us, though wild in the extreme, our sport, which I shall here describe, commenced; and most exciting, in good truth, it was, though certainly of a novel nature to coursers. The two rough deer-hounds were held by one of the gillies in slips, and the two smooth-haired greyhounds by another gillie, the remaining one being kept as a reserve, in case of accident to either of the dogs already mentioned. And, thus prepared, we quietly walked in the rear of the party to witness the sport. The summit, which in parts as flat and even as a grassy plain, extending here and there full sixty feet in breadth, and in uninterrupted length,—in others of at least two hundred. On both sides of this mountain, which was covered with heather and rocks, a party of beaters was thrown out, who rousing the numerous hares there found, they immediately made for the level mountain top, of which we were apprised by the loud shouts of those below; and, thus on the *qui vive*, the moment puss appeared in sight, the dogs were slipped, and many an exciting chase we had. Did they attempt to cross the level, a loud shout on the other side generally saluted them, and thus were they obliged to fly for their lives along the mountain-tops. To regular coursers, this mode of destroying hares by wholesale may not appear quite *en règle*; let them bear in mind, however, the nature of the ground, the excitement caused by such wild sport, the nature of some of the dogs employed for such diversions, the abundance of hares, which could only be taken on such ground by this kind of warfare or with the gun, the splendid nature of the scenery by which we are surrounded, and the consequent delight and exhilaration and

excitement of these bare chases, brief as some of them really were—for, in truth, many a gentleman, who afterwards figured right delicately and with the highest flavour in a soup tureen or a hash, was doomed to die with a rush of the dogs, a holloa, a grip, and a shout. It must also be borne in mind, that these animals are totally different to those found in the low grounds, as to their colour—for during the spring and early autumn they are of a bluish grey, whereas in the fall of the year and during the winter they become totally white; indeed, we have seen them and killed them also, when white as the driven snow; and for this seasonable change of costume they have to thank an all-wise Providence, who thus protects them during the lasting snow of winter in that wild and remote glen, from enemies as formidable as man, in the shape of eagles and various kinds of vermin, by which they would be readily discovered and destroyed.

There is spirit in the following description of

A SHOT AT BLACK GAME.

"Good morning, Donald; splendid weather for the hills! What luck shall we have to day?" "Yes, sir, 'tis a raw season. May-be we shall meet with some blackcock behind the garden-dyke; I saw at least fifty of them this morning, feeding, soon after day-break." "The devil you did! Why were we not called?" He laughed in reply, as much as to say, "It would have been of no avail." He was right—he would have called in vain. "Then let us try for these birds at once." And away we went. Our party was strong: we had four guns, a host of gillies, and two brace of dogs; who, notwithstanding their exertions of the day previous, were tolerably fresh and full of spirit, save the gallant Bran, who, though suffering from his severe injury, was nevertheless all eagerness to be of the party; this, however, we valued him too much to permit. We had reached the wall before alluded to, within fifty yards, when we felt ourselves seized by the shoulder in Donald's powerful grip. "There they are!" said he. "Hist, hist!" and the whole party were made to understand that the game were in sight. And a pretty view for a sportsman's eye, in good truth, it afforded! In a sort of stubble-field—if stubble it can be termed in such a wild valley as there presented itself—about half gun-shot from the wall, we beheld what seemed, to the eye of an inexperienced sportsman—or, we should rather say, to a sportsman unaccustomed to this species of game—a multitude of large ravens, employing themselves in gleaning. On a nearer inspection, however, these ravens appeared to have curly tails, adorned with a white feather or two intermixed, as a relief to their gloomy blackness. There they remained, these proud and plump Highland blackamoors, as if waiting in defiance of attack, and determined to resist our rude intrusion on their feeding territory. Luckily, however, it was not our first acquaintance with their peculiarities; and those of the glen, by whom we were accompanied, were up to all the trickery and cunning of those splendid birds. We crave one moment while we add, though we know not why, that it appears, by general sporting acquiescence, permitted to shoot a blackcock how you can, when you can, and wherever you find him. Now, were we to see a pheasant sitting on the top of a park-wall—which we frequently have seen—none but a poacher or a pot-hunter would deign to fire at the beautiful bird till it "flattered in the air," but with the blackcock

C'est autre chose:
Bang when you can, and over it goes.

Precaution and silence was, therefore, the word of command, in order to secure success. Luck, for the time, placed us in a good position; and, having crept up to the wall, we rested our double-barrels on the top, within twenty yards of the formidable black army; in fact, we managed just comfortably to bring five glossy heads along the sight, and, with nervous excitement, were on the very point of pulling the trigger, when a confounded gillie sneezed—only sneezed—but it was a detesta-

ble sneeze: we have hated people with colds ever since. This was enough; the whole pack rose in a dense cloud—not a moment was to be lost. Instead of the murderous aim we had chosen, as we thought, so cunningly, we had no alternative but that of banging into the centre of the flock. Down came two black bodies, plump, like coals from the heavens! Bang! bang! went the file firing, from right to left; over the wall we jumped—keepers, gillies, shooters, and all—to pick up the dead and make prisoners of the wounded. This, however, proved not so easy a matter as might be supposed; two lay dead as hammers—a simile we cannot explain: three others were only legged or winged, and they made a desperate attempt to escape; but the pack of bipeds, all eager for their prey, were too strong for them; and after floundering, ankle deep in swamp, over flowery heather and rough stones, all were at length captured in life, and bagged in death—two brace and a half, no bad commencement for the day; though the skirmishing which obtained the victory might not have been exactly in sporting *règle*.

Searching for a description of shooting the red grouse or ptarmigan, we find the following description—characteristic of the peculiarities we have already remarked upon as distinguishing this writer:—

The chirping grouse and silvery ptarmigan awaited our coming near at hand most courteously, just granting us sufficient time to admire mountain, valley, and lake, as we walked on, and they were severally pointed out to us and named by the keepers (their denominations, however, are utterly beyond the power of a sportsman's pen to write); the stillness of the scene being alone disturbed as the echoing shot, reverberating from hill to hill, told a tale of death to the feathered tribe. Among these we were fortunate enough to number several golden plovers—without exception, in our humble opinion, the most delicious morsel that ever was placed before a delicate appetite, and no bad finish for a hungry sportsman who has duly attended to the substantials after a long day's walk. Readers, should you not hitherto have tasted this little well-flavoured bird—always an acquisition to a game-bag—do us the favour, and yourself the enjoyment, to follow Mrs. Kitchener's advice, viz. to kill one the first opportunity; and having killed it, should your establishment not be blessed with a cook—of course we do not mean one of those fat females in petticoats who most unjustly defame the cognomen, but a *cook*—why, write a civil note to "Soyer," and ask for his brief attention to the succulent little animal; then eat it, and wash the delicious nutriment down with a glass or two of Lafitte, if you have any—if not, Chateau Margeaux will answer the purpose; and then send us a dozen or two, if you like, for the hint—as we shall then be ill repaid for the pleasure you will have derived. But we must walk on, for the day advances which was our last on the hills of Meggernie.

As we reached the summit of another portion of the Schiehallion range, where the ground was covered with large stones and rocks intermixed with the heather, surmounted by a cairn, the shepherds' handiwork, we were gratified by the sight of numerous mountain hares scudding up the declivities. A few of these we were fortunate enough to tumble over—they make good soup, but eat better as a roast, recollect)—and, among others, we witnessed a very strong large fellow make direct for the cairn. Higher he could not go, and descend towards the valley on the opposite side he certainly did not: we therefore reasonably surmised that he must have taken refuge among the loose stones; and such proving to be the case, the grey old gentleman was quietly removed from his retreat by the hind legs, and snugly deposited in a covered basket, with all the energies of life unharmed; and this with the intention that he should afford us a little amusement in the lowlands, as we shall hereafter explain. A flight of blackcocks also passed directly over our heads, as we were descending, towards evening, through the heathered valley leading towards the castle. We had at the very moment fired at a grouse, and were consequently in the act

of reloading the discharged barrel when these black gentlemen fluttered, or, more properly speaking, sailed through the heavens immediately aloft. We had scarcely sufficient time to raise the gun to the shoulder, take a hasty aim, and fire; in fact, the shot was one almost at hazard, point blank to the skies, at least sixty-five to seventy yards distant. To our astonishment and gratification, nevertheless down came, with startling thump, the most beautiful in plumage and largest blackcock we have ever beheld, before or since. So large, so fat and heavy was he, that, stowed with onions—no bad dish, by-the-bye—he might have graced the bottom of the Lord Mayor's table at a civic feast, and been taken for a boiled turkey with celery: or, *à la broche*, would not have failed the palate of an alderman. We decided otherwise, however; and, instead of stuffing ourselves with him, we graciously permitted him to be stuffed; and he now figures in a glass-case, mourning for himself, doubtless, in his glossy black coat, and looking so lively, that, were his glass cage but broken, he would surely take wing once more, and fly to meet his mate amid the dark recesses of Ben Lawers.

With this we close our notice of a book which, though containing here and there passages of interest, will scarcely repay perusal.

The Home of Shakspere Illustrated and Described. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

London, 1847. Chapman and Hall.

APPOSITELY at a time when public attention is directed to the birth-place of SHAKSPERE, in Stratford-on-Avon, appears this little book. All that is authentically known, and something conjectural, of the history of the house, is here collected, and the impression upon the reader is strengthened by the aid of wood-cuts of all that is interesting relating to the home of the poet. We extract Mr. FAIRHOLT's sketch of the history of the house in which SHAKSPERE is reported to have been born:—

The house in Henley-street, as it at present exists, is but a fragment of the original building as purchased by John Shakspere, the poet's father, in 1574, ten years exactly after the birth of his son William, the entry of whose baptism is dated in the parish register, April 26, 1564. John Shakspere had purchased in 1555 a copyhold house in Henley-street, but this was not the house now shewn as the poet's birth-place; he had also another copyhold residence in Greenhill-street, and some property at Ingon, a mile and a quarter from Stratford, on the road to Warwick. From these circumstances, a modern doubt has been cast on the truthfulness of the tradition which assigns the house in Henley-street to be the poet's birth-place. Mr. Knight says: "William Shakspere, then, might have been born at either of his father's copyhold houses in Greenhill-street or in Henley-street; he might have been born at Ingon, or his father might have occupied one of the two freehold houses in Henley-street at the time of the birth of his eldest son. Tradition says that William Shakspere was born in one of these houses; tradition points out the very room in which he was born. *Let us not disturb the belief.*" A wise conclusion! Antiquarian credulity has given place to an extreme degree of scepticism; and from believing too much, we are now too much given to believe too little; add to this the anxiety which many evince to write about Shakspere, although little else but conjecture in its vaguest form be the result; and the value of the modern conjecture as opposed to the ancient tradition may very readily be estimated. Let Stratford ever sacredly preserve the venerable structure with which she is entrusted; pilgrims from all climes have felt a glow of enthusiasm beneath the humble roof in Henley-street. Let no rude pen destroy such heart-homage, or seek to deprive us of the little we possess, connected with our immortal countryman! When John Shakspere purchased this house from Edmund Hall, for forty pounds, it was described in the legal documents as two messuages, two gardens, and two orchards, with their appurtenances. It passed at his

death to his son William, and from him to his sister Joan Hart, who was residing there in 1639, and probably until her death in 1646. Throughout the poet's life the house is thus intimately connected with him. It was a large building, the timbers of substantial oak, the walls filled in with plaster. The dormer windows and gable, the deep porch, the projecting parlour, and bay window, all contribute to render it exceedingly picturesque. In 1792, when Ireland visited the house, it exhibited the appearance given in the upper portion of our third plate. The dormer windows and gable had been removed; the bay window beneath the gable had given place to an ordinary flat lattice-window of four lights; the porch in front of that portion of the building in which Shakspere was born was removed, and a butcher's shop-front constructed. At this time there lived here a descendant of Joan Hart, sister to the Poet, who pursued the humble occupation of a butcher. The other half of the house was at this time converted into an inn, and ultimately sunk into a low public-house. It had been known as the Maidenhead Inn in 1642; and when, in 1806, the house was disposed of to Mr. Thomas Court, who became "mine host" thereof, he combined that name with the one it then held of *the Swan*. About 1820, excited by a desire for "improvement," he destroyed the original appearance of this portion of the building by constructing a new red-brick front, exactly of the approved fashion in which rows of houses are built in small towns, and which consist generally of an alternate door and window, repeated at regular intervals below, while a monotonous range of windows above effectually repulses attention. The house is now divided into three tenements; the central one is the portion set apart for exhibition, in the back rooms of which live the proprietors; the shop, the room above, and the kitchen, are sacred to visitors. When the lower part of the central tenement was made to serve for a butcher's shop, its window was removed, and has not been replaced; and when the butcher's trade ceased, a few years since, no attempt at restoration was made, and the shop still retains the signs of its late occupation. The old window in the upper story, originally a lattice of three lights, had been altered into one of four; and modern squares of glass usurped the place of the old leaded diamond-panes. A board for flower-pots was erected in front of the window; but more recently a large, obtrusive, rudely-painted sign-board projects from the front to tell us "the immortal Shakspere was born in this house." Such is its present external aspect: "it is a small, mean-looking edifice," says Irving; it was not so in Shakspere's time.

Hill-side and Border Sketches: with Legends of the Cheviots and Lammermuir. By W. H. MAXWELL, author of "Wild Sports of the West." 2 vols. London, 1847.

MR. MAXWELL excels in brief, rapid, and energetic narrative. He is pre-eminently a sketcher, and therefore in these volumes we have him in his happiest mood, recalling the pleasures with which we remember to have perused long ago his *Wild Sports of the West*. *Hill-side and Border Sketches* is a work of the same kind, introducing all sorts of subjects and anecdotes; now painting places or persons, now telling a good tale, now provoking a laugh by an amusing anecdote, now indulging in a vein of sentiment—then rattling off to a sporting adventure; and he tells it all in the same unstudied manner, throwing off the first thoughts that present themselves in the language that comes first to his lips, and therefore impressing the reader with a sense of reality which adds greatly to its attractions. But inasmuch as it is a book to be exhibited by extract rather than critically examined, we proceed at once to offer a few specimens in proof of these remarks.

His destination was to the Tweed. He met with an adventure at the very outset. Arrived at Blackwall, he found that the steamer had departed.

STEAMER PUNCTUALITY.

My destination was Berwick-upon-Tweed, the best *point d'appui* in Britain for an angler, and no mistake. The day of sailing of the steamer thither bound was duly announced; and I, having put my house in order, like a prudent tourist migrated eastward over night, to be within pistol-shot of my packet in the morning. I reached my destination; and the leatheren conveniency which "carried Caesar and his saddle-bags," pulled up at an hotel opposite the docks. "Where's yer honour goin'?" inquired a red-headed rascal, who, had he held the gold stick in the court of Timbuctoo, I should have identified at sight as a loving countryman. "To Berwick," was the reply. "Ah, then," responded red-head, "yer honour's a trifle of time after the ship; for she sailed at eight o'clock this mornin'." "Impossible! The hour of sailing is advertised for to-morrow in the *Times*." "Feaks! and that same's likely enough;" and the scoundrel scratched his head. "But you see they're so very punctual, and they sail the day before they say they will; to prevent disappointment, I suppose." "Is that what you call punctuality?" I exclaimed, in a towering passion. "My malison on you and punctuality both. What the devil are you doing with my luggage?" "What am I doin'? Jist puttin' ye up for the night, where ye'll sleep snug and comfortable." "And why should I sleep here, you vagabond?" "Arrah! how asy it is to know a gentleman from the ould country, by the plisant way they talk to one. Feaks! and I'll tell ye why ye'll sleep here. Ar'n't ye opposite the Hull packet that sails to-morrow?" "And what is the Hull packet to me," I responded. "Why, jist because I know from the guns and fishin'-rods that yer only goin' on the ran-tan; and is it any thing to the like of you whether ye head to Hull or Berwick?" And before I could exert free agency or enter a protest, the villain had every article appertaining to me abstracted from the cab, and regularly shouldered up-stairs by the porters. "Hav'n't I in less than no time made yer honour snug for the night?" exclaimed the "hereditary bondsman," grinning with evident satisfaction at his own address, and holding out his hand for the consideration which he calculated was to follow. He saw a shilling in my hand; and, as if the monetary transfer had been already legally effected, he lauded me for my liberality. "It's asy knowin' the rael gentleman," said red-head. "Arrah! bad luck to me! though, may be, you wouldn't believe it, but there's divils, wid daacent coats upon them, that would put one off with a tanner, or a fourpenny—may Cromwell's heavy curse attend the inventors of the last! From the moment I twigged yer honour, says I quietly to myself, 'Stick to him, Peter Clancy, like wax; for he wouldn't condescend to reach an obligin' lad of your kind any thing below a bob.'"

This lad joins him, and they go together to the Tweed, of whose attractions to the angler he gives a glowing account.

THE TWEED.

I have not pinned my faith on the opinions of others, nor would the dicta of Izaac Walton himself, did he honour me with an evening visit while moth-fishing in twilight on Till or Teviot, induce me to jump to a hasty conclusion; but I do believe and avow, on the veracity of a Christian man, that there is not within the four seas of Britain a river fit to hold a candle to the Tweed. Whether its beauty, its romance, or its angling advantages be considered, this classic stream, with its splendid tributaries, is unrivalled; and whether the visit be poetic or piscatorial, it will repay the wayfarer for a pilgrimage. There are men who have asserted that angling is effected by the angency of a stick and string, whose opposite extremities are provided with a fool and worm. There are others who fancy that dabbling in the New River or the Tower Ditch before it was filled in, cause under the name of fishing. In Cockayne the delusion is not to be removed that a fish dinner is procurable at Blackwall, and that the same compehendeth Dutch eels, filthy perch, London salmon, and water-zouchy. With persons holding such heretical opinions I would not

descend to hold converse or keep company; but let them go to their account, "with all their imperfections on their heads." But to the enthusiast in the gentle art—he whose keen eye can detect the rock beside which the fresh-run salmon is resting, and whose true arm can project the fly, light as thistle-down itself, to the broken water that eddies over "the silvered visitor" from the sea; or to the poetic spirit who loves to wander by moorland tarn or glittering streamlet, meditate in the mouldering abbey, or dream of border frays and "foughten fields" amid the ruins of some demolished fortalice—these I invite to classic Tweed—ay, even should it be necessary to beg, borrow, or even steal the *viaticum* for the journey. Should the latter be reported to, were I upon their jury, I would consider that the end justified the means, and return a verdict of "not guilty." But to a far different class, and these generally hardened offenders, who annually endanger soul and body at the Crown and Sceptre by a surfeit of white-bait, I would also extend my invitation. Let them make their wills, cherish their wives, whip the children, and throw themselves on board the first steamer bound to Berwick. Let them pass such a day as I did yesterday on "silver Tweed," and if they ever re-visit their families, or return to Pudding-lane or Amen-corner during their natural lives, I'll write myself "a soured gurnet."

Here are the observations made during
A DAY'S SHOOTING AT THE BASS.

It appears to be a divided kingdom, for one face of the Bass is occupied by Solan geese, and the other exclusively tenanted with gulls, here termed kittiewakes. At a point below, which seemed to bound the feathery empire, the boat lay to, and a swivel was discharged. None save those who have witnessed could have imagined the effect. By hundreds, thousands, birds flew screaming from the precipice, until more were on the wing than human computation could amount to. For a mile round, the sky was half obscured; and a shower of thick flaky snow would convey the best idea of the dense masses and white plumage of the startled occupants of the Bass. The Solan goose produces a triple revenue. The first operation he undergoes, like a raw youth upon town, is plucking. Next, he suffers the penalty of high treason, and is disembowelled. A quantity of unctuous matter, varying from the size of a pigeon's egg to a man's hand, is thus procured; and when melted, it is available for all the coarser purposes for which tallow is used, such as the greasing of carriage-wheels and machinery. The last process consists in preparing the bird for market; and there, as it would appear, the Solan goose meets with a steady demand, the North Berwick price being on an average about ninepence. I was once obstested and implored by a brother officer, with whom I had spent the autumn in garrison at Athlone, never to sit in the dark with a man who could eat an eel; as, according to his opinion, he, the eel-eater, was capable of committing any crime. Now in my sober judgment, and regardless of what any baillie or town-councillor in Auld Reekie may say, I hold the cannibal who devours a Solan goose to be doubly dangerous. On my return in the steamer one of these monsters was on board, and he assured me that he infinitely preferred a gannet to a stuble-goose! From his own admission, the Solan has a most potent and offensive smell, both in culinary preparation and when brought to table. In the second place, he informed me, that though enough of unctuous matter to grease a cart-wheel had been previously extracted, it was necessary, when roasting, to puncture the bird's carcass to allow the interior supply of oil to exude. In the last place, he mentioned, as a gastronomic recommendation, the fact that a roasted Solan had the flavour of a fresh herring. This assertion was a settler; and I registered a vow in heaven never to hold communication with man or woman to whom a solitary slice of a gannet could be traced. Of all the gull tribe, the Solan goose is the most beautiful; and nothing can be more elegant than their gyrations in the air, before they make their arrowy dart to seize the prey which, in the most turbulent sea, their unerring power of vision enables them to

discover. I am told that in the Western Isles this rare property of the bird is made subservient to its own destruction. A small fish or two are fastened to a flat board, which is left floating on the sea where the Solan geese are busy fishing. The gannet sees his prey, and makes his headlong stoop, and by a collision he does not calculate upon, he commits a sort of *felo de se*, or rather is murdered under false pretences.

Our author confesses to having been once, and once only, guilty of the Cockney crime of fishing on Sunday—and it was in Scotland too. But his offence did not pass unrebuked. This is the characteristic narrative of the adventure.

I certainly did not offend the feelings of better men, for I was in one of the wildest straths of the northern highlands, and my delinquency was committed in secret. The gilly had put the second grilse in the basket, and a fine clean new-run salmon sprang over the water with a splash that in the silence of this solitude was actually startling. I marked him for a victim, and my arm was raised to project the favourite fly which twice had proved so irresistible, when I felt the pressure of a hand, and turned rapidly. An auld, thin, weather-beaten carl was standing at my side, and, turning his blue eyes on mine, he thus addressed me: "Hae ye nae dinner at hame the day, that thus ye violate the Sabbath? Come ahint the hillock yander; there's gay gude broose and a sheep's head, I ken; and ye'll be kindly welcome." I thanked him, and rather haughtily replied that I was angling for amusement, and not for support. "Aw the worse, aw the worse," returned the old man. "Ye admit there was na needclessy, and yet ye break the Sabbath. Was na six days sufficient, laddie, for cleikin troots and ither beasties, but ye maun tich upoo the Laird's?" "And may I inquire why you are here? Have you no place to worship in?" I replied sharply. "Yes," said the herdsman; "there is a kirk but thra mile off, and tho' I'm nae in body among these that are blessed with gude ministry, in spirit I am wi' them. But I ha' five hundred lambis under care; an' should I leave them for a minute, they would straggle ten miles back across the muirs to where the ewes are. Mine is a wark of needclessy—yours altogether contrary to God's command and man's decent observance. I'll prove it to ye, if you like;" and raising his right hand, which hitherto had hung beneath his shepherd's plaid, he produced a pocket Bible, between the leaves of which his fore-finger was inserted.

"Yes," he said, "the claims of the earthly master war sairly against the spiritual, an' that I'll admit ye; but where I go to go where my heart yearns to be, when I cam' back that flock confided to me would be miles awa', and scarce would a week's work win them back again. Weel, as I canna reach the kirk, I mak' yonder broomy knowe my temple. I can there read my Bible, and watch the warldly charge committed to my care; ay, and wi' the assurance too, that tho' it's 'gainst the leetle words, I can serve twa maisters. Did I neglect my duty to my employer, I should be guilty of a gross breach o' trust; and the prayer o' the penitent will reach the seat o' mercy, an' be favourably heard aff a gowany bank, ay, an' in my mind, suner sometimes, than many that were uttered between four kirk wa's. Dinnna be fleeted at an auld man spakin' plainly. You are gangoon only intil life; an' I'm in coarse of nature at eighty-twa—about to slip out o' it. Like a gude laddie, dinna for a' the fesh that ever carried fin or scale, rin counter to the command o' him wha made ye," I felt the old man's admonition, and took his hand and thanked him. Off came the casting line, and the gilly was desired to unjoint and tie up the rod. At that moment another, and a finer fish threw himself clean three feet over the water; and, to judge by the pure silver of his scaled sides, he was not six hours from the sea. "That," said the old shepherd, "is the temptation o' the evil one;" and he pointed his finger at the spot where the salmon had just leaped, while the eddies his descent upon the surface caused, still went circling over the pool.

"And do you think, my good friend and coun-

sellor, that his satanic majesty is at present impersonated in that salmon?" "Mony is the shape, an' the device, which the prince o' darkness takes to lure puir sinners till destruction," returned the herdsman.

And with this we bid adieu to Mr. MAXWELL for the present, hoping, however, often again to meet him in the discharge of our duties as a journalist of literature.

The Sponsor's Offering. By a Member of the Church of England. London: Bowdery and Kerby.

A LITTLE work, the object of which is to explain and illustrate the Ten Commandments by a series of familiar dialogues. The spirit of the book is good, being in general free from sectarian views and doctrinal formulas, and inculcating only those broad principles of love to God, and love to man, which are of the very essence of the Decalogue, and of all true Christianity, and which are, moreover, alone level to the capacities of children. The understandings of these men and women in the blossom are too true to nature to appreciate the merits of the jingle of words, which composes the bulk of theoretical divinity; but their young minds, undarkened by contact with the false standard of rectitude which passes current in the world, are peculiarly apt to discern the beauty of that religion which enjoins the abrogation of selfishness, as the only means of attaining happiness—the aim of all men, women, and children. We fear, however, that the author of this well-intentioned book has scarcely succeeded in making his pages so interesting as we and our juvenile friends might wish. They partake too much of the nature of grave lectures to be attractive to children.

We are not, however, of the number of those persons who think that religion, or any truths of a serious nature, ought to be taught in sport. But that dulness is not the only substitute for levity, and that the most solemn themes may, without derogating from their dignity, be made interesting to the young, many excellent and able writers have abundantly shewn.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Notes on the Early Settlement of the Northwestern Territory. By JACOB BURNET. New York: D. Appleton and Co. Cincinnati: Derby, Bradley and Co. 1847.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE author alludes somewhat ambitiously to the mounds of the west, but nothing of importance is elicited to throw light upon that interesting subject. "The image of the Virgin Mary, finely wrought in ivory, somewhat mutilated," will, we trust, make our savans a little cautious in advancing theories. The fact of the mulberry trees is one of rare beauty and interest, which strikes us as quite new.

The mounds and other artificial structures found throughout the Western country have excited so much attention, and given rise to so many speculations, that it may be of some interest to give a concise account of those which were standing within the limits of Cincinnati, in 1796. The improvements made in the village at that early period were trifling. The surface of the ground had been scarcely disturbed by the small number of temporary buildings which had been constructed for immediate use, and the ancient works referred to were in a perfect state of preservation; only depressed in height by the natural causes, which had been operating for ages, to wash and wear them down. Within the limits of the village there were two large circles, one on the eastern boundary of the town, which extended to Eastern-row, a two-pole alley, since widened and called Broadway; and the other near the centre of the plat. They were constructed with great exactness, and were about six hundred feet in diameter. The earth which composed them had been manifestly brought from some distance, or taken evenly from the surrounding surface, and had been gradually washed down, during a succession of ages; yet the apex of the one most

central was twelve or fifteen feet above the level of its base, which had been greatly widened by abrasion. They were on the upper level of the town plain, and did not approach nearer the brink of it than four hundred feet. Near the western boundary of the village there stood a conical mound of great beauty, about fifty feet high, constructed with great exactness, and standing on a base unusually small, compared with its height. When General Wayne's army was encamped at Hobson's Choice, he had a sentry-box on the top of it, which gave a view of the entire plain. In the same neighbourhood three smaller mounds were standing, which were found on examination to contain human bones, as is the case in regard to most of them. There was also one of a medium size, compared with the others, standing on the brow of the hill, about midway between the circles, and in advance of them about three hundred feet. It was on the eastern boundary line of Main-street, and as that street was from time to time dug down and graded for the convenience of travelling, the mound was gradually precipitated into it, and has been entirely removed many years ago.

While that process was going on, many articles were found, some of which were of an interesting character, and were most probably deposited in it, after the country had been visited by Europeans. Among them were marine shells and pieces of hard brown earthenware. A small image of a female, supposed to be the Virgin Mary, holding an infant in her arms, finely wrought in ivory, which had been somewhat mutilated, was also found. A small complex instrument of iron, much corroded, and supposed by some to have been intended to ascertain the weight of light articles, was discovered. The skeleton of a man was also found, contained in what might be called a coffin of flat stones, so placed, as to protect the body on every side from the pressure of the earth. This grave was only a few feet below the upper surface of the barrow. In the year 1802, a well was dug within the central circle above described, in which, at the depth of ninety-three feet, two stumps were found, one about a foot, and the other about eighteen inches in diameter, concerning which many exaggerated statements have appeared in print, at different times, professing to describe their appearance, and the condition in which they were when first discovered. One writer stated that they had evidently been cut down by a metallic instrument—that the marks of an axe were visible, and that the chips were found near them in a state of preservation. Another said the iron rust was seen on them, and a third, that an axe was found near by. Neither of these accounts was true. It is a fact that the stumps were found at the depth stated; and that when discovered, they were standing in the position in which they grew. Their roots were yet sound, and extended from them horizontally and regularly in every direction. Their tops had decayed and mouldered to earth, so that no opinion could be formed as to the means by which the trunks had been severed. The surface of the earth over the place where they were found was ninety-three feet above them, and one hundred and twelve feet above the present low water mark of the Ohio river. They could not have been brought there by a current of water, because their upright position, and the regular horizontal extension of their roots, in all directions, proved that they must have grown on the spot where they were found. There is another fact connected with this subject worthy of notice. Before the well was dug, not a mulberry-tree had been seen growing on the premises, though they were found in the neighbouring forest, yet the next season they sprang up wherever the excavated earth had been spread, in such numbers as made it necessary to destroy them, and they continued thus to shoot up for a year or two, though not one made its appearance on the remote parts of the lot, to which the excavated earth had not been carried.

It appears to be a reasonable conjecture that each variety of tree and plant was originally endowed with some active principle or virtue, peculiar to itself, which, when communicated to the earth, and exposed to the action of heat, air, and moisture, operates as the germinating cause, indicated by the phraseology of the quotation; and that this agent, be it what it may, can exist unimpaired in a dormant state, for an indefinite period, if it be kept from the direct influence of the sun and air. It should be borne in mind, that when the town of Cincinnati was laid out, the forest presented evidence that the surface of the earth had not undergone any material change for many centuries; as it exhibited the remains of trees, which had matured, fallen, and decayed, by the side of others still flourishing, and giving evidence that they had been growing hundreds of years. The stumps must, therefore, have been in the situation in which they were found, to wit, ninety-three feet below the sur-

face of the earth, during an equal period; and yet when the earth about their roots was raised, and scattered over the surface of the ground, where no mulberry tree existed, young mulberries sprang up in great numbers.

Thus it will be seen, that Cincinnati is abundant in the material, not only for the antiquarian and historian, but also for the horticulturist. The following will shew that the romance writer will not be left void of materials for his art:—

In the early settlement of the western country, serious difficulties existed before and after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, relative to the right of navigating the Mississippi river. Spain denied the existence of that right, and a temporary suspension of it had been proposed, as the basis of a treaty with that nation. On that subject the feelings of the people in the West had been so excited, as to cause alarming apprehensions for the safety of the Union. Resolutions were passed at popular meetings, of an inflammatory tendency, and letters were written to individuals in the East, connected with the administration of the government, demanding the free navigation of the river without further delay. They charged the Eastern States with a conspiracy to rob the West of a right which was vital to its prosperity, by surrendering to Spain the navigation of that important river; and they intimated very plainly, that if their demand was not complied with, the people would take the matter into their own hands, and secure themselves either by force or by treaty.

This excitement appeared so alarming as to induce President Washington to write an explanatory letter on the subject to some of the leading citizens of Lexington, among whom were George Nicholas and John Brackenridge, disclosing the state of the negotiation with Spain, contrary to his usual practice, for the purpose of removing erroneous impressions and allaying the feeling of the people. During this exciting negotiation were carried on secretly between some of the prominent men of Kentucky, whose names were generally known, and the Spanish authorities at New Orleans, which, it was said, terminated in an agreement, the object of which was understood to be to detach from the Union a part of the western country contiguous to the river, and attach it to Spain. While that impression rested on the public mind, a man of fine personal appearance and polished manners, by the name of Powers, arrived at Cincinnati from New Orleans, in a handsome, neatly-finished barge, with a full crew of well-dressed Spanish boatmen, professedly on a trading voyage. If the enterprise was undertaken for profit, the cargo on board did not seem to justify the expense of such an outfit, particularly as the trip could not be completed in less than six months. Some river traders who went on board with a view of purchasing, made an estimate that the proceeds of the entire cargo, at fair prices, would not be more than sufficient to defray the expense of the voyage; from which it was inferred that there was something connected with it which did not meet the eye. This surmise was strengthened by the fact that the barge came to on the Kentucky shore, a mile below the town, where there were neither improvements nor inhabitants; and that she remained there one or two days before she came up to the landing at Cincinnati.

Mr. Powers, who commanded the barge, was an intelligent, enterprising man, born and educated in Great Britain, though he had become a Spanish subject; and it was understood that he and a Mr. Nolan, who professed to be a trader in Spanish horses, and who probably ascended the river in the same boat, were in the employ of the individuals before alluded to. From these circumstances it was believed, that the barge had been sent by the Spanish Governor, with money, for purposes not consistent with the allegiance due from Americans to their government; and that the object of landing on the Kentucky shore, in the night, was to deliver it, without giving rise to curiosity or suspicion. The whole movement was certainly mysterious, and cannot be rationally accounted for, on the common principles of mercantile business.

We must refer our readers to the book itself for the most interesting particulars of the Great Council Fire at Greenville, and the subsequent treaty of peace and protection entered into for our government, by General WAYNE—"Mad Anthony," as his soldiers called him in familiar fondness; "Great Wind," or tornado, as he was called by the Indians. Little as our author comprehends the true character of this people, his sympathies are in their behalf; and badly as their speeches are evidently

interpreted, they are suggestive of the deepest pathos. Week after week did these dismembered and disheartened tribes gather to the council fire—slowly and deeply weighing the consequences which they foresaw would be fatal to them as a nation, and which time has proved to be not idle foreboding, but genuine prophecy. See how they clung to the last hope of arresting the encroachments of the whites upon their soil, and how adroitly the savage turns the weapons against his civilized oppressor.

In regard to the large sum of money, and the anxiety offered by the Commissioners, they remarked, that money to them was of no value, and to most of them was unknown; and as no consideration whatever could induce them to sell the land on which they depended for a subsistence for their women and children, they hoped they might be allowed to point out to the Commissioners a mole by which their settlers on those lands might be easily removed, and peace be thereby obtained. Presuming that those settlers were poor, from the fact that they had ventured to live in a country which had been in constant trouble since they crossed the Ohio, they proposed to divide the large sum of money, which had been offered to the Indians, among them; and also to give each a portion of the promised annuity, which they believed the settlers would readily accept, in lieu of the land. They said further, that if in addition to this, the United States would give to those settlers, the great sums which must be expended in raising and paying armies, to drive the Indians from their country, they would certainly have more than sufficient to repay them for all their labour and improvements. They said further, that the Commissioners had talked about concessions, but it appeared strange they should expect any from the Indians, who had been only defending their just rights against invasion.—"We want peace," said they; "restore to us our country, and we shall be enemies no longer." "You make one concession, by offering us money, and another by agreeing to do us justice, after having long and injuriously withheld it. We maintain that the King of England never did, and that he never had a right to give you our country, by the treaty of peace. Because you have at last acknowledged our independence, you want to make that act of common justice, a ground for surrendering to you our country. You have talked also a great deal about pre-emption, and your exclusive right to purchase our lands, ceded to you, as you say, by the king, at the treaty of peace. We never made any agreement with the king to that effect, and we declare ourselves free to make any bargain or cession of lands whenever, and to whomsoever we please." They said further, that at their general council at the Glaise, last fall, they agreed to meet Commissioners from the United States, provided they consented to acknowledge and confirm the Ohio to be the boundary line, and on no other condition. They affirmed, that their only demand was the peaceable possession of the small part of their once great country, which remained to them. They entreated the Commissioners to look back upon the lands from which they had been driven. They alleged that they could retreat no further: because the country behind hardly afforded food for its present inhabitants; and that they had therefore resolved to leave their bones in the small space to which they were then confined.

ART.

MR. SHEPHEARD'S PENCIL-DRAWINGS. UPON former occasions we have noticed this gentleman's drawings in their place upon the walls of the Royal Academy. Each time they so largely interested us as to suggest a wish for an opportunity to examine them more closely and leisurely than the facilities of an exhibition-room permitted. This desire has been gratified. A few days ago we enjoyed the privilege of inspecting a portfolio of drawings by Mr. WALLWYN SHEPHEARD, made upon the spot, or from sketches direct from nature, in Italy, Germany, and Switzerland; and a higher pleasure could scarcely, we think, be yielded by works in this variety of imitative art.

It has always been matter of surprise to us that the attention of the friends and patrons of Art has not been directed to pencil-drawings more freely than observation informs us has been the case. There are print-collectors who give fifty or a hundred guineas for a single engraving; and we find

people constantly paying large sums for bad prints from bad pictures, entrapped by the trade into subscription. Is this the result of ignorance or thoughtlessness? It is due unquestionably to one or the other; for who that has a taste for effects in black and white, knowing that an engraving may be multiplied ten thousand times, and thus by very commonness be depreciated in value, would give ten guineas for an impression, when for a like sum he might obtain an original pencil-drawing by a master of the art—one characterised by a freedom of touch, a boldness of effect, and a truthfulness of spirit which can never be rivalled by the best of engravers? Attention, we are sure, needs only to be awakened to the superior claims of pencil-drawings over engravings in every conceivable point of view, to secure for the former a large share of that encouragement which has ignorantly and blindly been accorded to the latter.

It were difficult to speak in terms too eulogistic of the pencil-drawings we have examined, by Mr. WALLWYN SHEPHEARD. They are unapproached by the best specimens of this art by HARDING, DAVID COX, and PROUT, or of any other master that have come under our observation. To a fine perception of the pictures, and a quick appreciation of the sentiment of his subject—whether simply rustic, classical, or pastoral—this artist brings a sure and experienced hand that imitates with all the accuracy of a daguerreotype the forms of nature. His effects are always skilfully thrown in, and original in management. His trees are discriminated with just character; you recognise the species at a glance, as you do when the actual scene is before you. His figures are correctly and carefully drawn, apposite in kind, and always appear in the right place,—where they tell best in the landscape. The accessories of his pictures are ever finely composed; nor is there anywhere a trace of affectation—or, in other words, of *picture-making*: every thing is simple and true as nature herself. The best work on the use of the lead-pencil that hitherto has been published is that by HARDING, in which there is much that is slovenly executed and objectionable. It were greatly to be wished that Mr. SHEPHEARD, possessing as he does far higher qualifications for such a task, would undertake a work on this subject; if he should do so, he will render acceptable service to the Arts, and promote beyond a doubt the use of the pencil, which is greatly to be desired.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

On Tuesday the National Gallery was closed for the annual vacation, and will not be re-opened till the 18th of October.—A School of Art for artists and amateurs has been formed by the Incorporated Society of British Artists. The arrangements having been completed, it will be opened to its members in the early part of next month. The school will be principally supported by subscriptions and donations.—An interesting discovery was made last month at Tunis. Some workmen employed to quarry stone near the inner harbour of ancient Carthage, discovered, about thirty feet under ground, a colossal bust, in marble, representing a figure of Juno, so wonderfully well preserved as to have the appearance of having been sculptured only the day previous. As this object was discovered in the ground belonging to the Bey, the statue was claimed as his property. Many were the demands made upon his Highness, and from most influential quarters, for the statue, but the Bey refused all, and presented it to M. Delaporte, who has conducted the French Consulate during the last three years at Tunis.—The New York papers congratulate their readers on the expected arrival in that city of a duplicate, from the chisel of Mr. Hiram Powers, of his fine statue of the "Greek Slave." Mr. Powers is represented as having a large family dependent on exertions which hitherto have not yielded them more than a mere subsistence over the necessary expenses; and the exhibition of the "Greek Slave" through the States of the Union has been undertaken as an experiment for the sculptor's benefit.

—A memorial to the poet CRABBE was placed in

the church of Aldburgh last week. It is a marble bust, rather larger than the natural size, standing upon a graceful plinth, also of marble, on which is sculptured a suspended and unstrung lyre, of antique model. Beneath appears the following inscription:—"To the memory of George CRABBE, the poet of nature and truth, this monument is erected, by those who are desirous to record their admiration of his genius, in the place of his birth. Born Dec. 24, 1754; died Jan. 29, 1832."—The Doncaster Cup this year, executed after the model of Mr. Cotterill, consists of a cup and cover, very handsome in figure and elaborate in execution. The cup itself is richly decorated with tasteful ornaments in the early Italian style, and the cover is surmounted by an animated equestrian group of Richard Coeur de Lion and some Saracens, one of whom he has cut down with his battle-axe, and is preparing to repel the attack of another, who is threatening him with his spear. The incident is supposed to have occurred at the battle of Ascalon, where Richard displayed, according to the old chronicles, great power and dexterity with his mighty axe. The height of the cup and cover is three feet three inches and a half, and its weight 263 ounces. —Mr. Durham's bust of Jenny Lind, for which that celebrated songstress favoured him with sittings, is regarded as a very successful portrait.

The History and Pedigree of the Portrait of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles the First, painted by Velasquez. Reading: 1847. John Snare.

The title of this tract explains its nature and purpose, so that we need not do more than observe that Mr. SNARE has gathered from every available source such information as was pertinent to his task, and that tended to prove the genuineness of the picture as a portrait of CHARLES the FIRST by that most able of the Spanish painters VELASQUEZ.

THE DRAMA, &c.

NOT a single novelty in the drama has offered these several weeks. The lesser theatres have been active, but the attractions provided have been old favourites with the public.

SADLER'S WELLS has been re-opened, under the management of MESSRS. PHELPS and GREENWOOD. The appearance of the house has been greatly improved during the recess, by painting and embellishments in excellent taste. The play selected for the opening was *Cymbeline*, and the principal characters were ably sustained by Miss ADDISON, MESSRS. PHELPS, BENNETT, HOSKINS, and MARSTON.

The SURREY THEATRE.—The main attractions here have been the KEELEYS, who draw the same crowded houses as they did at the Lyceum.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—This theatre has been taken by Mrs. WARNER, and was opened under her management on Monday. The play selected was *The Winter's Tale*, and the chief characters were embodied by the manageress and a Miss ANGELL, MESSRS. GRAHAM, and WEBB. Remembering Mrs. WARNER's deserts as an actress, which so often have received our praise when noticing Sadler's Wells, we heartily wish success to her new enterprise. She has collected a *corps* of high promise, and the experiment deserves the hearty support of the public. A playful and pleasing address, written by Mr. SERLE, was delivered at the opening of the theatre, previous to the play, by Mrs. WARNER.

NECROLOGY.

NICHOLAS CARLISLE, ESQ.

For more than forty years secretary to the Royal Society of Antiquaries, died at Margate on Friday, August the 27th, in the 77th year of his age. He added to his name the distinctions of K.H. D.C.L. F.R.S. F.A.S. &c. &c. and was the author of several works on archaeological subjects. His publications began about forty years ago, the first we can refer to being his *Topographical Dictionary of England*, 2 vols. 4to. in 1808; the *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland* followed, in a 4to. volume, 1810; that of Wales, another 4to. in 1811; and that of Scotland and the Islands of the British seas, 2 vols. 4to. in 1813. In the arduous office which he held, Mr. CARLISLE was a straightforward and upright functionary, setting his face against the intrigues and

party movements which have so frequently distracted and injured the society. It is to be hoped, for its benefit, and renewed or increased efficiency, that a competent successor may be elected to conduct its business at home and carry on its correspondence abroad. The experience of Sir H. Ellis ought to be joined with the activity of a younger co-advisor, who could relieve him from a considerable share of the laborious duties which are required of the secretaries. The supply of communications is a very important concern; and none but a distinguished antiquary should be considered eligible for the task. We trust that no favouritism will be suffered, for on the choice much will depend of the continued decline or restoration of this national institution.—*Literary Gazette*.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty; but the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impudent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

1054. MRS. SUSAN SABINE, whose maiden name was NEWLAND, the wife of John Richard Churchill Sabine, esq. of Muckleford, near Dorchester. *Something to advantage; or information of her rewarded.*
1055. CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE OF HARCOURT MASTER, of Portsmouth, esq. with CHARLOTTE TEISSIER, of Austinfriars, London, spinster, which is supposed to have taken place about March 1765. *Reward.*
1056. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN GEORGE ANDRE, of 11, Little Compton-street, Soho. *Something to advantage.*
1057. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF PATRICK FITZGERALD, formerly of Queen Anne-street, Mile-end, but late of Purfleet-wharf, Scotland-yard, Westminster, widower, a depositor in the Bloomsfield-street Savings Bank, died April 1840. *Something to advantage.*
1058. JAMES HADLEY, son of Mary and William Hadley, who, in 1830, resided in London, entitled to a legacy under the will of Ann Hochell, theretofore Ann Hodgkinson, of Ashted, Aston, Birmingham.
1059. GEORGE COLES, late of the Artillery. *Something to advantage.*
1060. ANKER HEKKS, otherwise JOHN SMITH, son of Robert Heeks, of Ashton, Gloucestershire. He was a mariner in the King's service, serving under the name of JOHN SMITH, and was discharged therefrom in 1814. He served on board the *Christian the Seventh*, the *Centurion*, and the *Swiftsure*. *Something to advantage; or information of him rewarded.*
1061. HEIR OR HEIRS-AT-LAW OF BENJAMIN BOWRING, of Dorchester, died in February 1837.
1062. JOHN GOLDSMITH, the eldest son of Thomas Goldsmith, of Marden, Kent, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
1063. DAVID HEDGES, son of William Hedges, native of Farringdon, Berks. *Something to advantage.*
1064. HEIR OF HEIRESS-AT-LAW OF ANTHONY HUTCHINSON, son of Lincoln, millwright, died in 1798.
1065. NEXT OF KIN OF JAMES DUNWARD, formerly of Newcastle-on-Tyne, but afterwards of Calcutta, master mariner, and for some time captain of the ship *Navarino*. *Something to advantage.*
1066. Information concerning the surviving relatives, or near kindred, of the late Captain W. F. HUTCHINSON, of H. M.'s 17th Light Dragoons, who died at Bombay in the year 1721.
1067. NEXT OF KIN OF the Rev. JOHN MANISTER, rector of Stower, or Stour Provost with Fosbroke, Dorset, and of Halstead, Essex, died in Dec. 1826.

(To be continued weekly.)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The scale for advertising in THE CRITIC is
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N.B. For insertion in the first page the charge is
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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

Two of the largest of the literary institutions in the metropolis,—the Western Literary Institution, Leicester-square, and the Eastern, in the Hackney-road, have been broken up during the past week, and their extensive libraries, museums, and collections of philosophical apparatus, are to be sold by public auction.—The rich library which the late Prince Henry of Prussia had collected at Rome, has been placed, according to the last will of the

deceased, at the disposal of the German students coming to that city to study.—M. François Michel Franzen, Bishop of Hernosand, known as a poet and historian, has just died at Stockholm, aged 65. The Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, of which he was a member, has decided on going into mourning for him during the space of one month, and on having his bust placed in the gallery of the building where they usually assemble.—Dr. Brunton, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Edinburgh, has, in consequence of indisposition, resigned his chair. Dr. Brunton has been one of the city clergy for fifty years, and has held the Hebrew professorship since 1813. The patronage of the vacant chair is vested in the town-council, and as the emoluments are not large (275. per annum by last public return), it is likely that the appointment will again form an adjunct to a parochial charge. Mr. Liston, the brother of the celebrated surgeon, and a distinguished Oriental scholar, is one of the candidates.—On Tuesday afternoon Thomas Buckingham, the well-known comedian, expired in Lambeth Workhouse, after suffering great privation and distress, owing to infirmity and long-standing disease. On Saturday week he was taken to Lambeth Workhouse, where he was removed into the infirmary, and received every attention from the officials, but gradually sunk and died yesterday from general debility.—M. MacSheehy, responsible editor of the *Union Monarchique* (French journal), has appeared before M. Legonidec, juge d'instruction, with respect to the seizure of the number of that journal on the 22nd ult. He then learned that the *Union* is accused of having "attacked the rights which the King of the French possesses by the will of the French nation, expressed in the declaration of the 7th of August, 1830, and of the constitutional charter accepted and sworn to by him in the sitting of the 9th of August of the same year." This offence, according to Art. 1 of the Law of the 29th of November, 1830, is punished with imprisonment of from three months to five years, and with a fine of from 300f. to 6,000f. The *Union* is also accused of having "incited the different classes of society to hatred of each other," an offence which, pursuant to the Laws of the 9th of September, 1833, the 17th of May, 1819, incurs a penalty of imprisonment of from one month to a year, and a fine of from 16f. to 500f.—On Tuesday week, when Mr. Gale made his ascent from Rosherville, he met with an occurrence which is, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of any other aeronaut. There was a stiff breeze when he rose from the ground, but on ascending some height the balloon was completely becalmed, and remained stationary for a quarter of an hour over one field. Mr. Gale was making preparations to lower the balloon, and get into the current of air below, when Mr. Goldstone exclaimed, "There is the balloon!" and then was seen a perfect "counterfeit presentment" of themselves and their machine depicted on the clouds to the southward. This appearance continued for about four minutes, when the balloon descended into a lower region, and the image gradually faded away.—The number of pupils now receiving instruction within the walls of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution exceeds one thousand, who are distributed into about thirty classes; and the directors have resolved upon a most important extension of the class system, which will come into effect in the ensuing quarter. A new section will then be opened for female education, in which pupils destined for the duties of teachers and governesses will be furnished with the means of going through a course of instruction to qualify them for their future career. In order to obtain the accommodation which this extension will require, the directors have ordered one of the yards of the institution to be enclosed, and large rooms to be erected upon the site. One of these rooms is to serve as a laboratory for two additional scientific classes that will commence as soon as the erection is completed. Six of the largest rooms within the building will be devoted to classes for female education.

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